


Chapter 1: Trump Card

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-001/

By a giraffe

2/12/2013

"Young master, Ran Feng Ge has already arrived. He is in the drawing room."

"Ok," Su Yi Mo replied to his butler coldly, his thoughts inscrutable. Although having heard the notice from his butler, he didn't put down the newspaper in his hand. His gaze drifted from the newspaper headlines to the images displayed on the giant screen on the opposite wall. His furrowed his brows, slight worry on his face.

Lately, be it newspapers, magazines, entertainment tabloids, or TV shows, they all revolved around the same topic.

Movie star Jing Qiu Han had been shot while filming in Paris. He sustained two bullet injuries and was in critical condition. The case was currently under investigation and it was suspected that the shooting was due to jealousy from competitors. Jing Qiu Han had already been sent back to China and was currently undergoing treatment. However, the situation was still dire.

Half an hour later.

In the drawing room.

"You're Ran Feng Ge?" Su Yi Mo stared suspiciously at the man whose back was facing him. He felt the surge of an indescribable feeling.

This profile... seemed... familiar...

Ran Feng Ge slowly turned his head.

"!"

Su Yi Mo and the butler froze. Instinctively, the butler tilted his head to look at Su Yi Mo; he saw the same shocked expression on the latter's face.

The butler hesitantly spoke, "Young Master... He..."

Both Ran Feng Ge and Su Yi Mo had the same stone cold expression on their faces. More importantly, Ran Feng Ge's facial features were identical to Su Yi Mo's! Even the tiny mole at the corner of his eye was exactly the same.

At that instant, Su Yi Mo understood why he had had that familiar feeling. Anybody would recognize the sight of their own back.

Hearing his butler whisper "Young Master," Ran Feng Ge turned sullen. "How are you certain that he is your young master? Ah Jiu, how dare you let strangers into the house! Say, how should I punish you for your mistake?

Even their voices were exactly the same! Furthermore, that man clearly knew his name.

Heavens... Ah Jiu didn't know how to react.

The man that he had brought to the drawing room earlier was clearly a young man in his early twenties who was full of smiles. But why was it that when he asked the young master to come to the drawing room, the man inside had turned into the young master himself?

Su Yi Mo, being the master of the household, immediately snapped out of his daze. He fixed his eyes silently at the man whose appearance was identical to his. The corner of his lips curved up in a half-smile.

Ran Feng Ge walked elegantly towards Su Yi Mo, acting as if nothing had happened. He raised his eyebrows and looked up and down at the other man. "Ah, you're actually taller than I imagined."

Su Yi Mo steered his gaze towards the photo frame sitting on the desk in the drawing room, and understood what had happened.

Ran Feng Ge followed his gaze and laughed. "You guessed correctly. Although I haven't seen you before, I saw that photograph while waiting for you. I know that you rich people are arrogant and like to put on airs. So while I was waiting, I changed my facial features to yours by going with that photo. But I'm guessing that photo was taken when you were in college. At that time, your height should be more or less the same as mine right? Ah, anyways it seems that I had miscalculated a little."

I couldn't guess his height correctly. Judging by the photo I'd say he's about 182cm. I'm 179cm, so I had to change the height of the insoles in my shoes. I thought that I had the perfect disguise, but who'd have known that he was as tall as 187cm! What on earth did he eat to grow this tall?!

"Ah... Mr. Ran, can you show me your true face? I am... easily confused," the butler Ah Jiu pleaded. After speaking, he snuck a glance at Su Yi Mo, whose expression was blank as usual.

Hah, that Ran Feng Ge, so troublesome. He went as far as to disguise himself as the young master. Knowing the young master's temper... I don't know what he'll do to punish me afterwards...

Ran Feng Ge chuckled as he observed the butler's flustered reaction. He felt sorry for the man, so he removed the thin mask he was wearing, revealing his own impressively handsome face underneath.

As the material of his mask wasn't very aerated, at first glance, Ran Feng Ge's face was very red, tempting one to give it a bite.

Of course, this did not include Su Yi Mo.

Young Master Su finally opened his mouth lazily, "Have you read the contract?"

"Yup. What about you? You should be satisfied with my skills right?" Ran Feng Ge puffed up with pride. A big smile stretched across his face. "If you are satisfied, then the next time we meet it would be best that you don't let me wait that long again."

His deliberately cold voice clashed greatly with his bright smile.

Sure enough, making him wait in the drawing room for half an hour had pushed his patience to the limits.

"Alright, I understand." Su Yi Mo nodded his head in agreement. He then shot an icy stare at Ran Feng Ge. "Then if possible, please do not disguise yourself as me next time. It feels uncomfortable looking at someone with the same exact appearance as me, especially when I'm not mentally prepared."

"I couldn't help it, it was too boring waiting, so I could only play around by changing my appearance." Ran Feng Ge shrugged and passed over the contract that was in his hand. "I signed it already. I hope I get my deposit when I arrive at home. Remember, it's three million."

"That's not a problem." Su Yi Mo accepted the contract and casually flipped the pages over to glance at them. At the bottom of every page was Ran Feng Ge's flamboyant signature. "You have pretty good handwriting." Su Yi Mo lifted his head and looked at the other. "But, instead of me, shouldn't you have disguised yourself as the person who needs protection if you were trying to impress me?"

"Thank you for the praise. But I didn't see a need to disguise myself as Jing Qiu Han. It's not challenging enough. I see him every day on TV." Ran Feng Ge spoke up blithely, "Besides, even though you haven't paid the deposit, you've already seen me in action. I'm already letting you off easy."

"Tomorrow, I will visit Jing Qiu Han at First Hospital. He will be in Room 608 on the sixth floor, as a patient in the ICU. Understand?" Su Yi Mo placed the contract on the desk. "Rest assured, I will pay you in full."

"Ok!" Ran Feng Ge turned around to leave the room. He stopped at the door and turned to stare at the tall Young Master Su. "Dare I ask what your relationship with Jing Qiu Han is?"

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Translator: pumpkin_so77

Proofreader: Snowstorm

Chapter 2 Illusion

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-002/

By a giraffe

11/24/2013

City A.

First Hospital.

Floor 6 Room 608, outside the ICU.

A crowd of reporters and photographers each directed a microphone at the caretaker of the patient inside.

This morning, major news channels and papers received a notice: the hospital Jing Qiu Han was receiving intensive care at was the First Hospital! Reporters rushed there, all hoping to get the first scoop.

This was big news in the film industry! No one was willing to be even a second slower, afraid another company would rob them of their story. Everyone pushed and pulled, wishing their arms were just a bit longer, head a bit taller, voice a bit louder, and questions a bit sharper!

"Mr. Su, Jing Qiu Han was attacked and is now in the hospital. Is the filming of "Bu Bu Jie Lang" now canceled?"

"Mr. Su, how is Jing Qiu Han's injury? Is he going to recover soon?"

"Mr. Su, is SHINE considering switching out the male lead in "Bu Bu Jie Lang"?"

"Mr. Su..."

"Mr. Su..."

Su Yi Mo dumped the questions on his secretary to answer, and turned around to look at the person lying on the hospital bed inside.

A frighteningly pale complexion, lips chapped with blood, eyes sunken in, and weak breaths. There was barely an indication of breathing on the oxygen mask. A drip needle was inserted into the hand, of which wounds from previous insertions remained. His chest area was half-bared, the light blue clothing couldn't hide the white gauze spotted with blood. Various tubes connected to his body; even the slow line running on the heart rate monitor looked as though it would run straight at any moment.

Su Yi Mo almost thought the one in bed was the real Jing Qiu Han!

But, just almost. If he didn't just come back from Pingan Hospital, where Jing Qiu Han actually was, he really would have fallen for it.

Ran Feng Ge. He certainly was deserving of the title of Trump Card. He looked exactly like a sick patient.

As though he felt someone looking at him, Ran Feng Ge secretly opened a slit of his eyes, looking at the person's direction. Seeing that it was Su Yi Mo, Ran Feng Ge curled his lips. From the motion, his chapped lips actually split and oozed blood out!

Instinctively, Su Yi Mo's heart ached slightly.

That face...

Damn! Su Yi Mo stared bitterly at Ran Feng Ge, then reverted back to his former icy composure.

Ran Feng Ge didn't see Su Yi Mo's expression. He shut his eyes quickly, closed his chapped lips, and continued to play dead, or, well, a critically ill patient.

He was curious about Su Yi Mo and Jing Qiu Han's relationship yesterday, but the iceberg just brushed him off.

Ran Feng Ge wasn't discouraged. Who was he? He was the best body double in the industry! If he had decided on a job, he'd definitely get his facts down to the itty bitty details.

After the three million was deposited into his account, Ran Feng Ge researched on Su Yi Mo and Jing Qiu Han's background. At the same time, he got the answer to his question yesterday.

Apparently, aside from their business partnership, the two... were lovers.

No wonder Su Yi Mo got him to be a substitute after Jing Qiu Han was attacked.

When he peeked earlier, Ran Feng Ge discovered the commotion outside. Without even thinking, he knew it was the reporters.

As for the one that leaked out the information, he couldn't think of anyone other than Su Yi Mo.

If he wanted to protect his lover, of course he would get all the guns to point at the body double instead.

That Jing Qiu Han, he must be at a safe place now?

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Translators: Pumpkin

Proofreaders: Bijun Liang, PiKairi, Nannyn

Chapter 3 Flirting in the Open

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By a giraffe

1/4/2014

In the evening, the doctor came to do a routine checkup. Shortly afterwards, he left and closed the door behind him.

Ran Feng Ge rubbed his hungry stomach and quietly sighed.

What was he going to do now? He had forgotten that the person he was substituting for was a critically injured patient. Not only did he have to pretend he was unconscious, he also couldn't eat anything. However, he wasn't a patient himself. Su Yi Mo couldn't expect him to survive off of the IV all day now, could he?

Outside the room, reporters who were unwilling to give up were guarding the door. He had no way to slip out and get something to eat.

What a stupid miscalculation of his!

With three bullets supposedly in his body, he would have to pretend to be out for at least a few weeks. Was this how he would have to live for the next few weeks?

Damn, what was the point of high pay? Didn't he have to go hungry either way?

Ran Feng Ge silently cursed, his resentment obvious. He took a deep breath and continued playing a mummy.

Three days later, he finally had some visitors.

Su Yi Mo was also a very talented actor. After the doctor told him that he could go in and visit, his cold face revealed a rare look of excitement.

Sitting in front of the hospital bed, he reached out to grab Ran Feng Ge's bruised hand, which currently had a needle stuck in it. Not in the least embarrassed, he put the hand on his own cheek. His whole body exuded a feeling of endless love.

The moment his hand was grabbed, Ran Feng Ge got goose-bumps. His next thought was to pull his hand back, but Su Yi Mo was too strong. Su Yi Mo glanced sideways at Ran Feng Ge, giving the latter a warning look.

Ran Feng Ge squinted slightly. Biting down his resentment, he looked at Su Yi Mo. *What are you doing? Aren't you afraid that those reporters will see?*

Su Yi Mo's eyes were like a calm sea, without a single ripple. *I'm doing it so they can see. Just obediently lie there, don't move, and be careful not to give the act away.*

Ran Feng Ge gave him a disdainful look. Su Yi Mo squeezed his hand forcefully, warning him that actions indicating he was conscious were not allowed.

"Until when do I have to pretend I'm unconscious?" In the end, Ran Feng Ge could not help but ask this. His eyes were closed, his lips parting and closing as he breathed. He took the chance to whisper those words, but because he didn't want to be seen talking, his voice sounded slightly unclear. "For the past few days, I've been living off of only the IV. I might die of hunger at this point. I'm a normal person, not a real critically injured patient! The nutrients from the IV won't be able to satisfy my needs!"

Su Yi Mo was surprised. *This voice...*

That's right. When Ran Feng Ge spoke, his voice was exactly like Jing Qiu Han's. As he was pretending to be Jing Qiu Han, he had to prevent being exposed anytime and at all times. Therefore, talking was not an exception.

"Just endure it for another day. I'll come by tonight with something for you to eat." Su Yi Mo put Ran Feng Ge's hand on his lips and moved as if to kiss it. In reality, though, he was trying to block the movements of his lips in order to hide the fact that he was talking.

The feel of the soft and warm lips scared Ran Feng Ge so much that he tried to pull his hand back. Su Yi Mo gave him a strict look. *Move one more time and there will be no food for you tonight!*

Ran Feng Ge stopped moving and obediently let the other person kiss the back of his hand. However, he was cursing in his mind. *Shit, this time my assignment really is an unlucky one. Not only do I have to pretend to be a mummy, I also have to pretend to be someone's lover while that someone flirts with me in the open. This sucks! I want a pay raise! A very high pay raise!*

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Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: PiKairi, Sherry

Chapter 4 Love in Front of a Killer

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By a giraffe

1/14/2014

Midnight.

The door of the hospital room quietly opened.

Ran Feng Ge excitedly opened his eyes. Finally! He was about to starve to death!

The visitor did not turn on the lights; instead, he closed the door behind himself. He reached down with his right hand and pulled something out of his pant leg. He then slowly walked to the person lying on the hospital bed.

With the help of the dim glow the various medical equipment emitted, Ran Feng Ge saw that the object flashing coldly in the man's hand was a dagger!

He had been waiting for Su Yi Mo, but the one who came was a killer!

Ran Feng Ge held his breath and watched with rapt attention. He calmly waited for the man to come closer.

The killer raised his hand and the dagger came falling down. However, contrary to the man's expectations, he did not feel the thrill of the blade stabbing through flesh and bones. Instead, he was met with a weak and relenting force...

Damn it! The killer realized what had happened and tried to pull the dagger back, but to his surprise, he was already too late. Without warning, Ran Feng Ge lifted his leg and kicked the man in the ribs. Immediately afterwards, he heard the sound of bones breaking and a painful groan.

Like a carp leaping out of water, Ran Feng Ge jumped out of the bed. The various tubes that were attached to his body ripped apart from the force. He tore off his oxygen mask and pulled the dagger out of the pillow, then tossed the pierced pillow aside.

Walking barefoot on the ice-cold ground, Ran Feng Ge stepped gracefully but also menacingly towards the man. "Who sent you here?"

"You're not Jing Qiu Han." The killer's words held a certainty to them. "Where is Jing Qiu Han?"

Ran Feng Ge smiled, making him appear harmless. "I am Jing Qiu Han. It's just that my injuries are not as severe as you guys may think. I woke up right after getting treatment in Paris, and I only pretended to be unconscious to lure you guys out. You certainly didn't disappoint me. Now let me ask you, how do you want me to deal with you?"

"Heh, don't overestimate yourself." Covering his ribs, the man slowly stood up. "I may have two broken ribs, but you can't be doing too well yourself, right? Your injuries may have healed somewhat and it seems like you can fight, but you're not good enough to be my opponent. I couldn't kill you today, but you can't kill me either. So why don't we call it even and pretend I was never here?"

"Hah!" Ran Feng Ge laughed out loud. "That suggestion doesn't sound too bad."

The man was delighted and quickly moved to escape out the door.

But, moving like a ghost, Ran Feng Ge blocked his way. "Unfortunately, you picked the wrong guy to make a deal with. If you mess with me, I will not hesitate to kill you. However, I'll let you go this time if you tell me who you are working for."

"Dream on!"

"My kick back then didn't just break two ribs, you know. Right now, isn't it becoming more and more difficult for you to breathe? If you draw this out any longer, there's no way your lungs can be saved." Ran Feng Ge raised his eyebrows. "As for me, I have all the time in the world to accompany you—"

Click— The door suddenly opened, and Ran Feng Ge heard the sound of the light switch being flipped. The entire room was immediately filled with light.

The slim and weak-looking Ran Feng Ge was like a skilled, masked assassin in a confrontation. It was inconceivable how he could suddenly revert to acting haggard and sickly. In short, looking at him from behind made people feel an urge to protect him wholeheartedly.

Understanding the situation inside the room, Su Yi Mo dropped the food container he was holding onto the ground. He loudly exclaimed, "Xiao Han!" He then quickly walked towards Ran Feng Ge and pulled the man into his arms, though the latter was dumbstruck.

Originally, Ran Feng Ge had wanted to flaunt the fact that he had caught a rat. He did not expect to be hugged before he'd even had a chance to open his mouth. The arms holding his waist were strong and powerful, and the palms cradling the sides of his waist brought with them a man's heat. All of a sudden, Ran Feng Ge felt his whole body burning up.

Ran Feng Ge didn't dare move for a moment. Su Yi Mo held Ran Feng Ge tighter, his chin rubbing back and forth on the latter's head in a loving way. His words were even more loving: "Xiao Han...Xiao Han...this is great...you're finally awake."

Uh...this is too sickening. Su Yi Mo, why are you acting like this? Do you not see that the killer is still here?

Moreover, Ran Feng Ge was still holding the dagger in his right hand. In order to avoid injuring Su Yi Mo, he could only stand while extending his arm out in a weird fashion, and because he was being held tightly by Su Yi Mo, he had no choice but to hold his face sideways against the man's chest!

From the corner of his eye, Ran Feng Ge could see that the killer wanted to use this opportunity to flee. Without thinking, he threw the dagger in the killer's direction. Coincidentally, it caught the man's clothes at the waist and nailed him to the wall. The entire dagger was sticking out from the wall.

The killer was scared stiff and immediately froze on the spot. At the same time, Su Yi Mo drew Ran Feng Ge's body up against himself. He even tenderly called out "Xiao Han" once. Afterwards, he reached out and grabbed the back of Ran Feng Ge's head, his own slowly inching forward.

Ran Feng Ge stared at Su Yi Mo, eyes wide with disbelief. "You...what..."


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Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: Sherry, PiKairi

Chapter 5 Fake Act, Fake Kiss

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By a giraffe

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Their lips met in a kiss. Su Yi Mo's lips were ice-cold, just like his personality. When their lips touched, both felt something like an electric shock. Ran Feng Ge unconsciously glanced at the killer out of the corners of his eyes, but then Su Yi Mo forcefully pinched the other's waist, as if he was hinting at something.

Ran Feng Ge's eyes brightened and he immediately understood.

They were putting on a show!

So this guy wants to put on a show before the killer's eyes!

Ran Feng Ge immediately stopped paying attention to the killer and wholeheartedly kissed Su Yi Mo back.

In his previous assignments, there were also times when he had to put on an act and kiss someone. However, it was his first time kissing a man!

Of course, due to Ran Feng Ge's stubborn and unrelenting nature, there was no way he would let Su Yi Mo kiss him until he was dizzy and muddleheaded. The only reason he was losing right now was because he was too nervous!

He accidentally bit Su Yi Mo's tongue, but the latter was totally unaware. Su Yi Mo continued plundering his tongue and mouth tyrannically, kissing him breathless.

Then Ran Feng Ge realized something – he was a patient recovering from a serious injury, so he shouldn't be acting so lively. Therefore, he slowly let his body go limp, as if his consciousness was fading.

Su Yi Mo finally stopped kissing him and drew in Ran Feng Ge's waist, hugging him tightly. Holding the other's limp body, Su Yi Mo let the man fall into his embrace. He then suddenly turned his head and looked at the killer who was nailed to the wall by the dagger Ran Feng Ge had thrown.

Waiting outside the door were men under Su Yi Mo's command. Once they received the signal, they immediately charged into the room and restrained the killer. He did not struggle; without a word, he took off the brooch he was wearing on his chest and clutched it in his hand.

Su Yi Mo noticed the man's small movement but pretended not to see. After his men took the killer away and closed the door, he finally let go of Ran Feng Ge.

Ran Feng Ge hurriedly withdrew from the man's arms. He turned his head sideways and stuck his tongue out in an attempt to clean his mouth. He knitted his eyebrows; the kiss just now had made him even more uncomfortable.

"Your performance wasn't bad." Su Yi Mo, on the other hand, felt nothing and merely gave slight praise to the other. "Next time, remember to call me Ah Mo."

"Ok, boss!" Ran Feng Ge casually waved his hand and then quickly walked towards the door. He picked up the dropped food container and eagerly opened the lid. Although the container had fallen on the ground, the lid was still attached; the quality of this food container was quite good.

The only problem was that he didn't know what Su Yi Mo had brought him to eat.

When he lifted the lid, he saw several exquisitely made, steaming bowls placed inside. Although the bowls were quite small, about the size of his palms, they were also quite deep. Because of this, the amount of food they contained was not small. There were five bowls in total, four different types of food and one soup. The bowls were arranged in the shape of a plum blossom, with the soup bowl in the middle. There was even a small porcelain spoon.

Wave after wave of the foods' delicious aroma hit his nose. Ran Feng Ge inhaled deeply, swallowing down some saliva. He then exaggeratedly expressed his thanks: "Ah Mo, you are too awesome! These are all my favorite foods!"

Hearing the other call him "Ah Mo" with such ease, Su Yi Mo could only stare blankly for a moment. He took the opportunity to sit beside the bed. Holding his arm, he gazed unblinkingly at Ran Feng Ge, who was squatting on the floor. The other man had a steamed bun in his left hand and a pair of disposable chopsticks in his right. Using his teeth, he tore off the paper package of the bamboo chopsticks, and using his teeth again, he split them into two. After he'd jabbed the chopsticks onto the lid of the food container to align them, it was time to eat. He picked up some food and stuffed it into his mouth; he then picked up some more and stuffed it into his mouth again. He continued biting and tearing off pieces of the steamed bun, chewing one large mouthful of food after another. It looked like he really was starving.

As Su Yi Mo watched the other man wolf down two steamed buns, the corners of his lips lifted slightly in a smile, but only for a split second. His face quickly changed back to his ever-present icy expression. He then nonchalantly opened his mouth to speak: "Just now..."

"It was a fake performance! I know!" Ran Feng Ge swiftly cut in. He didn't even raise his head to look at Su Yi Mo, instead focusing on devouring a third steamed bun. His mouth was already stuffed to the point of almost bursting, yet he still continued to stuff pieces of meat inside. After merely chewing twice, he swallowed it all down. He then continued in a muffled voice, "The brooch he was wearing on his chest was a tiny video camera. He didn't come here to kill me; rather, he was trying to find out the truth about us. Am I right?"

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Proofreaders: PiKairi, Sherry

Chapter 6 Don't Worry, I Would Never Fall in Love with a Body Double

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By a giraffe

2/2/2014

It was easy to choke when talking and eating at the same time, especially for guys like Ran Feng Ge who would stuff their mouth full till it was bursting and then swallow after carelessly chewing twice. His expression suddenly stiffened, and then, throwing down his chopsticks, he pounded his fist on his chest. He stretched his neck and forcefully swallowed, the rims of his eyes turning red.

Su Yi Mo reminded him, "Drink some soup."

With a look of sudden realization on his face, Ran Feng Ge threw the flattened steamed bun he had been holding in his left hand into a bowl. Then, holding up the soup bowl with both hands, he raised it to his lips and blew on it a few times before gulping down a few mouthfuls. Upon discovering that the soup wasn't hot but lukewarm, he continued gulping it down.

Watching Ran Feng Ge act like a living incarnation of [a hungry ghost](#) and comically attack his food from start to finish, Su Yi Mo couldn't help but shake his head.

When Ran Feng Ge finished the soup, he let out a sigh; he had finally choked it all down.

"You're not acting like someone who's dying from a serious injury." Su Yi Mo watched as the other, throwing aside all caution to the wind, continued wolfing down his food. The former coldly spat out those words, mocking the other man.

After Ran Feng Ge had had his fill, he stood up and walked over to the bed. "Relaxing occasionally isn't bad. Besides, didn't you make the necessary preparations before you came?"

Su Yi Mo was silent. Indeed, at this moment, there was no need to pretend.

When Ran Feng Ge neared the bed, he suddenly turned and walked towards the bathroom instead. He casually waved his hand, saying, "Ah, sorry. As you have made all the preparations and no one will be able to discover us, I want to go to the bathroom. I don't know how many more days I'm going to have to lie on that bed, and I don't really want to die from holding it in."

"Are all the people in your line of work this thick-skinned?" Su Yi Mo continued mocking him.

"This is only a basic physical need. Why does it translate to being thick-skinned in your eyes? Do you not pee then?" Ran Feng Ge gave Su Yi Mo a disdainful look. He then walked into the bathroom, pulled up the toilet seat, and indifferently pulled out a certain "thing." After pointing it at the toilet, he started peeing.

Su Yi Mo coldly said, "Don't you know how to close the door?"

"I don't mind if you see." Ran Feng Ge replied good-naturedly.

"I'm not interested in seeing that part of you!"

"But you've been looking since the start." Ran Feng Ge turned his body around, nonchalantly shook his "thing," and stuffed it back in. He tidied up his light blue, elastic hospital pants and walked over to the sink to wash his hands. His gaze, however, was on Su Yi Mo the whole time. "Are all the bigwigs ice-cold like you? You act as if everybody owes you money or something." Not to mention, Su Yi Mo was also moody, never spoke what was in his heart, loved to click his tongue in distaste, and was full of other shortcomings.

Su Yi Mo finally turned his head, and his voice sounded as though he was speaking through gritted teeth. "Don't forget your current identity."

Identity? Ran Feng Ge gazed at the unfamiliar face staring back at him from the mirror and nodded understandingly. "Oh, I almost forgot. Your relationship with me right now is that of... lovers."

So in other words, his unintentional movements could have gotten on the other man's nerves and possibly even aroused his desire.

All right, it was his own fault for being negligent.

"Can you act somewhat normal? Don't speak in your own voice for a while and then switch to his voice. I'll think you have split personality disorder." Facing this sort of unreserved person, Su Yi Mo felt a headache coming on for the first time.

"I'm so used to it that I can't help it. In my line of work, we have to know the person we are substituting for so well that we can act like that person under any circumstance." Ran Feng Ge walked to the bed and looked at Su Yi Mo seriously. "You need to learn to get used to it. I can't be him every minute, every second of the day. Take right now for example: if you can't get used to it and fall in love with me instead, that would be a disaster. I come and go whenever I want; I won't be held responsible."

Uh, he accidentally did it again. How narcissistic of him.

Ran Feng Ge fearlessly added a few more words: "Also, I'm not gay."

"You don't have to worry; I would never fall in love with a body double." Not even a single ripple of emotion could be heard in that voice.

"Then that's good; otherwise, I would be very troubled." Ran Feng Ge scratched his head. "Having to act as a man's lover is very troublesome. I want a pay raise; this wasn't listed in your initial conditions."

"In my opinion, your commission fee is already high enough." Thirty million, this guy really demanded too much. If it wasn't for the fact that Ran Feng Ge was highly reputed in his field and that Su Yi Mo was very worried about Qiu Han, there was no way he would ever hire the man. Furthermore, Ran Feng Ge wasn't all that reliable. He had a careless personality and appeared very sloppy. How could he be a renowned and competent body double?

"How about adding one million more to my fee for psychological trauma?" Ran Feng Ge didn't really believe the other would agree. He knew there was no way he would get anything from this stingy person. What he said just then wasn't something to be taken seriously.

"Your midnight snack tonight was something the head chef of a five star restaurant prepared. It's more than enough to serve as your psychological trauma fee." Su Yi Mo stood up. "It's pretty late, you should sleep. Tomorrow, you can pretend to wake up from your coma."

"What about him?" Ran Feng Ge sat on the bed and crossed his legs. He shook his foot around and then straightforwardly asked, "Is he awake yet?"

"It's none of your business. You just need to do your part of the job." Su Yi Mo walked toward the door without looking back and then closed the door after himself.

"All right, my part of the job." Ran Feng Ge shrugged indifferently and smiled. He then started fiddling with his props, quickly disguising himself as a seriously injured person who had just woken up from days of unconsciousness.

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: PiKairi, Sherry

Chapter 7 Ah Mo, Stay with Me for a Bit More

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By a giraffe

3/1/2014

Because it was midnight, there weren't many people in the hospital. Additionally, Su Yi Mo had booked the whole intensive care unit, so it felt even quieter.

As Su Yi Mo walked, he dug around in his pockets for a cigarette. Pulling one out, he held it between his lips. He then pressed the elevator button, and as he waited, he pulled out his lighter.

The elevator arrived quickly. As he stepped into it, Su Yi Mo hit the button for the underground garage.

The fire from the lighter lit up for a moment, and then swiftly died out.

Su Yi Mo took a deep drag on the cigarette, and slowly blew out a cloud of smoke, blurring his sharp profile.

Ran Feng Ge's words reminded him of Jing Qiu Han, whose situation is still not good.

That's right; it had already been half a month since Jing Qiu Han was shot, yet he was still in a coma.

Qiu Han...

Thinking back on those days when they had nothing, it was Qiu Han who stayed and walked beside him. The two of them had supported each other through the most difficult days. Afterwards, his business grew, and Qiu Han became a popular star that he himself had raised.

Qiu Han was not only the company's important star; he was also Su Yi Mo's true love.

Sitting in the car, Su Yi Mo quietly finished his cigarette. As he stubbed out the cigarette butt, the suffering on his face dissipated, and was replaced with fierce resolution.

It didn't matter who it was; there was no way they were getting away after hurting Qiu Han!

And there was no way he would give anyone the opportunity to hurt Qiu Han again!

That body double...should be able to attract the attention of those people for quite a while yet. But in the meantime, he would definitely find out who had targeted his weakness.

Stepping down on the gas, the black Jaguar sprung out from the underground garage. It was like its master: cold and made people afraid to approach.



An irregular diet would always leave behind some hidden danger.

Holding his stomach beneath the comforter, Ran Feng Ge let out a quiet curse. He furrowed his brows slightly. After being starved for three days, he had stuffed himself unreasonably. Due to his long mistreatment of his stomach, it had started to rebel against him.

Wave after wave of throbbing pain pulled at his nerves. Ran Feng Ge heavily exhaled. Even if he wanted to turn on his side, he couldn't, as several tubes were attached to his chest. He had spent a lot of effort putting everything together, so he didn't want to break anything. Besides, it wasn't like turning on his side would completely ease his pain. He usually carried medicine on his person, but unfortunately, while he was changing his hospital clothes, he had accidentally thrown away the bottle. As he was supposed to be a heavily injured, unconscious patient who was on the brink of death, he couldn't exactly stand up and look around for the medicine.

Sure enough, by being greedy, he was only digging himself into a deeper pit. What kind of food would be good enough to make up for the one million psychological trauma damages! That food was too expensive, he couldn't even digest it!

Hah. Ran Feng Ge sighed again. He closed his eyes and forced himself to sleep. If he was asleep, then he wouldn't feel the pain.

But even when asleep, he could still feel a dull pain plague him the whole time. Since he couldn't sleep deeply, he didn't feel very clear-headed.

When he heard the sound of the door being opened, Ran Feng Ge slightly narrowed his eyes.

Su Yi Mo was walking slowly towards the hospital bed while carrying a food container.

The corners of Ran Feng Ge's mouth twitched, and he closed his eyes. There was no way he could possibly eat anything! After eating, he would suffer from even worse indigestion! His stomach would be in pain, swell in size, and suffer from a rise of gastric-acid levels!

Why was Ran Feng Ge acting so disinterestedly when he had brought food with him?! Su Yi Mo suspiciously turned his head, and saw Ran Feng Ge closing his eyes. He couldn't help but cough once. He then walked over to the bed and sat down. He reached into the comforter and searched for the other man's hand. Su Yi Mo gently squeezed the hand, indicating that the other could wake up.

The joints on Ran Feng Ge's hand jutted out awkwardly, and felt slightly cold in his hands. Su Yi Mo raised his eyes and looked at the face that belonged to Jing Qiu Han—the ashen complexion, the knitted eyebrows; he looked as if he was being tormented by pain yet was still unconscious. Satisfied with the other's act, Su Yi Mo inwardly praised him. He didn't know how the other was capable of making that sort of expression. The look of pain, the ashen complexion, the knitted brows, the half-closed eyes, and the faint breathing, it didn't matter if it was on the inside or the outside, Ran Feng Ge's appearance completely fit that of someone who was finally waking up from a heavy injury!

"Ah Mo..." Ran Feng Ge certainly had strong work ethics; he knew it was time to put on an act. In a hoarse voice, he called out Su Yi Mo's name. He blinked tiredly, a vacant expression in his eyes. "Where am I?"

Su Yi Mo gently gripped the other's hand and lifted it to his cheek. Although his voice was fairly placid, it still bore a hint of emotion. "Xiao Han, this is A City. You've already returned to the country. Don't worry, I'll stay by your side. I promise this sort of thing won't ever happen again in the future!"

"It's good that nothing happened to you..." Ran Feng Ge smiled weakly, and said in a perfect broken voice, "What about filming..."

"Bu BuJie Lang temporarily stopped filming. The film crew went to film another series instead. They'll wait for you to heal. During this time, you should focus on recuperating. Don't waste your energy on anything else. Just leave the other things to me."

"Nn..."

"I'll call the doctor to come and give you a check up." Su Yi Mo moved to stand up.

Ran Feng Ge unexpectedly held onto his hand. His gaze was peaceful, and concealed a deep love within. "Ah Mo...stay with me for a bit more..."

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Previous: [Chapter 6 Don't Worry, I Would Never Fall in Love with a Body Double](#)

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Translators: Nannyn

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Chapter 8 Stomachache? Let Me Massage It for You

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-008/

By a giraffe

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"Ah Mo...stay with me for a bit more..."

Along with his voice, he also had Jing Qiu Han's face with that clingy, adoring expression. Once again, Su Yi Mo thought Ran Feng Ge was Jing Qiu Han himself.

When Su Yi Mo returned to his senses, he was already bending down to softly kiss Ran Feng Ge's forehead. "I'll be right back."

Watching the other's figure as he walked out of the room, Ran Feng Ge smirked. *That guy; not only is he an iceberg who practices abstinence, he is also insusceptible to temptation.*

Ran Feng Ge then scrunched up his brow. His stomach was hurting again. *Damn it; I'm getting more and more reliant on drugs.* Before, he only had to endure until the pain passed. These past two years however, he had no choice but to rely on medicine.

As a body double, Ran Feng Ge had to play all sorts of roles. During the substitution time, the original person's likes were his likes. If the original liked to eat spicy foods, then he had to learn how to eat spicy foods. Furthermore, he had to eat them without changing his expression. If the original person enjoyed eating a big bowl of ice cream in winter, then he had to do so too. As a body double, Ran Feng Ge had to immerse himself in every bit and piece of the original person's lifestyle. Even if it was a small and subtle habit, he had to learn it to a tee. Other aspects were easier, such as manner of dress, mode of transportation, personality, et cetera. All those things were displayed on the outside and were not difficult for a body double to imitate. He could mimic them so well that it was impossible to tell the difference between the original and him. As for eating and drinking habits, few people could get them exactly right.

Of course, Ran Feng Ge was the exception to that rule. He was a perfectionist. Other body doubles would deliberately switch "something spicy" to "something sweet" or "something cold" to "something warm," and they could do it without revealing their act. Ran Feng Ge, however, would venture into unmanned territory and practice eating spicy and cold things. As a result of tormenting himself time after time, he had developed stomach problems. Although he was pretty skilled in the art of medicine, he was constantly on the move and thus constantly felt exhausted. Due to this, looking after his stomach was something he had no time to do.

Because of his continuous efforts, however, he had become the industry's golden body double.

Hard work was always rewarded; there were always benefits to the time he had put in. However, a price always came with success.

For Ran Feng Ge, the price was worth it. When he reached around forty, he would retire and go enjoy his remaining years. If he didn't put in some effort when he was young, how could he be worthy of a vivacious life afterwards?

As he was reminiscing about the past, Su Yi Mo brought the doctor back with him to do a checkup on Ran Feng Ge. Of course, the doctor was in cahoots with them on their act. He wasn't a professional doctor and merely pretended to give a checkup. He openly declared that the patient was already out of danger and that after a few more days of rest, he could be discharged and recuperate at home. After making his declaration, the doctor stuffed his hands into his lab coat and walked out unsteadily.

Ran Feng Ge understood that the whole thing had been done for outsiders to see, so he didn't say anything and merely watched Su Yi Mo with narrowed eyes.

Su Yi Mo opened the food container and then glanced at Ran Feng Ge. Why was the latter acting so indifferent towards food today when he had been devouring it so ravenously last night? At the very least, shouldn't he have on a greedy expression to indicate he was hungry?

"Are you hungry? Do you want some congee?" Su Yi Mo, holding a bowl of congee, sat down beside Ran Feng Ge and looked down at the latter. His voice was gentle; however, his gaze was unfocused.

"I don't want any." Ran Feng Ge firmly rejected the offer.

"You should have some, I'll feed you. Here, open your mouth." Su Yi Mo spooned some millet congee and held it up to Ran Feng Ge's mouth.

Ran Feng Ge frowned, unwilling to open his mouth.

His stomach was still hurting, so he had no appetite.

"You used to love eating this. Anyways, have at least a few spoonfuls?" Su Yi Mo gently implored.

Jing Qiu Han loved eating this congee. Right now you're Jing Qiu Han, so you should act like you love it.

With that thought, Ran Feng Ge could only open his mouth.

As Su Yi Mo was feeding him, he swallowed down a few mouthfuls. However, his stomach was churning all the while inside. Due to his strong resistance to pain, he managed not to throw up, but it was so painful that he closed his eyes.

"Tired?" Su Yi Mo put down the bowl. He felt that Ran Feng Ge's performance was a little strange. He personally thought that he would use this opportunity to let the other eat something, so why did Ran Feng Ge have on that sort of expression?

Ran Feng Ge didn't open his eyes and simply let out a tired "nn."

"Then you should get a good rest!" Su Yi Mo stood up, but his eyes suddenly stopped on the door. Ran Feng Ge on the other hand, was using his right hand to forcefully press down on his left side...

Ran Feng Ge didn't hear any footsteps leaving the room, so he opened his eyes, puzzled. He was so shocked by Su Yi Mo's next action that he almost fell out of bed!

Su Yi Mo's tall and well-built body was pressing down on him. The other's lips came to a stop beside his ear: "Stomachache?"

Ran Feng Ge swallowed and let out a muffled "nn."

This guy, exactly what was he trying to do?

"A stomachache...then let me massage it for you..." Su Yi Mo maintained his misleading position and pressed down against Ran Feng Ge. He used one hand to support himself and reached inside the comforter with the other. He then placed his hand on top of Ran Feng Ge's—it turned out that under the comforter, Ran Feng Ge was also tightly pressing down on his stomach with his left hand.

Su Yi Mo pulled Ran Feng Ge's cold hand away; the latter's fingers were stiff. Even though Ran Feng Ge was under great pain, his act was still utterly perfect: his expression of pain was just right, not a bit more, and not a bit less.

Pulling aside the hospital garb, Su Yi Mo pressed his hand directly against Ran Feng Ge's skin and actually started massaging!

Ran Feng Ge's expression changed slightly. Just when he wanted to speak, however, his lips were taken by Su Yi Mo. His groans of pain were drowned out by the soft sounds of kissing.

When he was allowed to take a breath, Ran Feng Ge looked at Su Yi Mo with blurred eyes. Although he had been kissed until his lips were red and swollen, he decided to look past that. "Go and fetch me medicine. I don't need this sort of method to help me ease the pain."

Su Yi Mo glanced at the door out of the corner of his eyes. After making sure he couldn't see a shadow behind the door, he let go of Ran Feng Ge. He then turned over, stood up, and thoughtfully covered Ran Feng Ge up with the comforter. His goodbye kiss this time was on the corner of the other's lips. There was also a barely audible line of praise: "You are very good..."

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Chapter 9 Spring Dream

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-009/

By a giraffe

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"You're very good..."

Ran Feng Ge had heard this sort of praise many times before. But to hear it personally from Su Yi Mohimself meant that the effort he put in the past few days finally gained the man's approval.

Somewhat pleased and half begrudgingly, Ran Feng Ge closed his eyes.

He had also seen the shadow that had flashed by the door a moment before. If he guessed right, it was probably a spy sent by Su Yi Mo's enemy.

He could still feel the lingering warmth Su Yi Mo's palm left on his skin. The corners of Ran Feng Ge's mouth twitched revealing a subtle smile. Although Su Yi Mo had an ice cold appearance, his body was quite warm.

Through the comforter, Ran Feng Ge slowly rubbed his stomach. When he thought back to when Su Yi Mo had been pressed up against him, he couldn't help but shudder.

His mind then trailed to thoughts of Su Yi Mo and Jing Qiu Han doing "this" and "that" to each other. They most certainly were as ruthless as wolves and tigers, but they were also passionate as fire. Ran Feng Ge continued to shudder...

Suddenly, his eyes flew wide open with surprise—afterwards... Su Yi Mo couldn't possibly want to do those sorts of things with him, right?

God... please no...

Perhaps because he was tortured by his stomach all night and couldn't sleep, right now, Ran Feng Ge was so tired he could barely keep his eyes open. He closed his eyes again and quickly fell asleep.

In his dream, Su Yi Mo's well-built body pressed down against his. It was boiling hot, so much that he felt like he was going to melt. Intense kisses fell on his lips, bites fervent as fire fell upon his chest, devouring his flesh. Almost burning palms stroked his lower abdomen, slowly trailing lower, and finally gripping his weakness... kneading and teasing. The pleasant feeling left Ran Feng Ge with breathless whispers; he quickly reached his breaking point. Su Yi Mo then straddled Ran Feng Ge's body, reaching down to untie his own belt. The object that protruded out was swiftly delivered towards Ran Feng Ge's mouth with a groan—

Ah—!

Ran Feng Ge woke up with a shiver. He gasped violently; streaks of sweat rolling down his forehead, wetting his hair.

"What's wrong? A nightmare?" A gentle voice sounded beside his ear. Ran Feng Ge turned his head, and saw Su Yi Mo's extremely close handsome face, peering at him.

He felt something scalding at his left side, and lowered his eyes to look. He immediately sat up in shock from what he saw.

That guy's hand, why was it on his stomach?

"Xiao Han!" Su Yi Mo was also surprised by the sudden motion. However, his excellent acting skills immediately covered it up. He caringly reached out to Ran Feng Ge and drew the other up against his shoulder. He let Ran Feng Ge rest against him while he used his other hand to soothingly pat the man's arm. Su Yi Mo then said in a comforting, low voice, "Don't be scared. I'm here. Don't be scared... it's already over..."

Ran Feng Ge quickly returned to his senses. He pressed a hand against his chest, pretending as if his wounds were hurting him again. Inside Su Yi Mo's arms, his taut body slowly relaxed, his breathing also slowly returned to normal.

"Does it hurt too much? You're sweating a lot..." Su Yi Mo said quietly against Ran Feng Ge's ear.

He had only left to grab some stomach medicine. When he returned, Ran Feng Ge was unexpectedly already asleep. Even in his sleep, the other's brow was knit, his breathing heavy. Su Yi Mo thought Ran Feng Ge had fainted from the pain and immediately reached inside the comforter to help the other by rubbing his stomach a few times. He didn't think that Ran Feng Ge would suddenly wake up, and then quickly sit up. It truly was a scare for him.

Fortunately, Ran Feng Ge had not forgotten his current identity.

"It's fine. It's already better." Ran Feng Ge rubbed against Su Yi Mo a few times, and also replied in a low voice.

Su Yi Mo held some pills up to Ran Feng Ge's mouth, "You should have some medicine."

Ran Feng Ge understood what the pills were for, and obediently took them into his mouth. He waited to collect a mouthful of saliva, and using only that, he swallowed the pills.

Su Yi Mo helped Ran Feng Ge rest against the pillow. He then turned to grab the glass of water sitting on the bedside table. When Su Yi Mo returned with the water, he could only stare blankly at the man sitting in the bed, as Ran Feng Ge had already swallowed the pills.

Ran Feng Ge sensed the pause in the Su Yi Mo's actions and gave a slight smile.

He was already used to swallowing pills directly, without water. It shouldn't cause any trouble to their performance anyways, right?

Su Yi Mo quickly recovered from his surprise, and still delivered the cup of water to Ran Feng Ge's lips. "Have some water."

The water temperature was just right, not too hot and not too cold. Ran Feng Ge only took two sips before turning away from the cup. He then quietly asked, "Ah Mo, when can I leave the hospital?"

Su Yi Mo did not force him to drink any more, as he had an upset stomach. Su Yi Mo sat the cup on the bedside table, and softly replied, "You can only leave once your wounds have healed."

Ran Feng Ge couldn't resist a sigh.

Su Yi Mo reached out a hand and ruffled the other's hair, as if he was comforting a puppy. "Just bear it for a bit longer. I'll come to pick you up when it's time. We... will live together!"

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Chapter 10 Out of the Hospital & Out of the Closet

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-010/

By a giraffe

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It turned out Su Yi Mo was actually serious when he'd said "let's live together."

A month later.

Ran Feng Ge's "wounds" were completely healed. His condition was stable, and he was finally approved to be discharged from the hospital. The only thing he needed to do was recuperate at home.

Ran Feng Ge, who had been restraining himself this whole time, stood in front of the window and stretched. On his face was a relaxed smile. *This is great. I don't have to pretend to be a mummy anymore.*

He turned around and saw the pile of clothes lying on the bed. The corners of his lips lifted in a slight smile.

Su Yi Mo had brought the clothes yesterday. While Ran Feng Ge was acting as Jing Qiu Han's body double, all his daily necessities were provided by Su Yi Mo.

He reached out and flipped through the clothes, looking at the style and material of each. While he was looking through them, he nodded his head. *Hmm...he has good taste.*

Ran Feng Ge took off the hospital gown he had worn for nearly a month and changed into the new clothes. Just when he was buttoning up his shirt, the door suddenly opened.

The moment Su Yi Mo opened the door, he was met with a half-naked Ran Feng Ge. The other's shirt was unbuttoned, exposing the two scars below his chest. On his right side, there was also a similar scar. Its position was right where Jing Qiu Han had been shot; it wasn't even a hairsbreadth off. Ran Feng Ge had even properly replicated the scar of a gunshot wound. At this, Su Yi Mo's eyes revealed a satisfied look. This Ran Feng Ge, he certainly was a meticulous guy. Even after his wounds had healed, he remembered to leave scars on himself to prevent exposure.

In this one month, his diet too completely matched that of a patient, changing bit by bit as he healed. When it was time to show the intimacy and ambiguity of their relationship, he was also able to act it out in perfection. The only problem was that every time they hugged, Ran Feng Ge's body would instinctively stiffen up and would only relax after much coercion from Su Yi Mo. It seemed like he truly wasn't used to being hugged and kissed by another man.

However, Ran Feng Ge never said he wasn't used to it, nor did he say he couldn't do it. In Ran Feng Ge's hands, the title of the golden body double truly reached perfection.

Su Yi Mo looked at the man standing before him and saw his frail, thin physique. He took in the other's slightly pale complexion that was gradually returning to normal. He noticed the haggardness that was slowly fading away. He saw every little change.

"You're here early." Ran Feng Ge gave a small smile. He then took two steps forward, as if wanting to hug Su Yi Mo.

Su Yi Mo laughed inwardly at Ran Feng Ge's movements. It seemed like, after a month, he was finally getting used to the routine when they met—see each other, smile, hug, and then kiss.

Su Yi Mo opened his arms and pulled the other man into a hug. He affectionately kissed Ran Feng Ge on the brow. "Are you all packed?"

"Yup. Since I'm the only one using this room, there wasn't much to pack." Ran Feng Ge let go and tilted his head up in a smile. "Isn't it enough to take me away?"

"You're right." Su Yi Mo reached out with his hands and buttoned up the other's shirt, his warm fingertips brushing against the man's chest as he did his work. Feeling somewhat uncomfortable, Ran Feng Ge turned his head away. Su Yi Mo, on the other hand, calmly continued to speak: "It's enough to just take you away." As he spoke, he pressed a fingertip against Ran Feng Ge's chest to emphasize his words.

Upon hearing that, Ran Feng Ge's face grew slightly red, but it wasn't something he could control— he had involuntarily blushed. Taking advantage of the situation, he gently pulled on Su Yi Mo's hand and asked, "Then...can we leave now?"

"Let's go."

Su Yi Mo interlocked their hands together, and like that, they walked out of the room to greet the masses beyond the door.

Ran Feng Ge didn't know whether it was Su Yi Mo himself who had let it leak to the press, but the major news media had already caught wind of the news that Jing Qiu Han was being discharged from the hospital after a complete recovery. Outside the doors of the First Hospital, there was an impenetrable crowd of reporters waiting for their prey to come out.

"Master Su, may I ask what your relationship to Master Jing is?"

"Your hands are interlocked together. Your relationship is certainly not a normal one?"

"Master Jing, since Master Su personally came to pick you up, are the two of you going to the Su family's villa next?"

...

Su Yi Mo clutched Ran Feng Ge's hand tightly, showing that he had nothing to hide. With a frozen expression on his face, he squarely faced the row of cameras and microphones in front of him. Just when Ran Feng Ge thought he would give an icy "no comment," Su Yi Mo actually replied to the reporters' questions!

"To ensure that you guys won't bother Qiu Han when he's recuperating at home later, I'll take this opportunity to tell you something."

"My relationship with Qiu Han is exactly what you have in mind..."

"We are lovers..."

"We have been together for seven years already. Back when I had nothing, Qiu Han was always supporting me from behind. This time, it was also my fault that he got injured. I will definitely find out who dared to hurt Qiu Han, and then I will make them pay!"

"It's fine if you compete with me through business. It's fine if you come to my home to express your hatred. It's fine if you make me your enemy. But don't you dare involve the people around me. Otherwise, I will make you regret you ever lived!"

"Alright, if you have any other questions, please wait until the press conference ten days from now. Right now, Qiu Han needs to go home and get a good rest."

Even after they'd gotten into Su Yi Mo's car, Ran Feng Ge was still in a daze from what had just happened.

Right then...in front of every major news media...did Su Yi Mo just declare our relationship status? Did he just brazenly...come out of the closet?

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Chapter 11 Living Together!

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-011/

By a giraffe

4/30/2014

Turning to look at the focused profile of Su Yi Mo, Ran Fang Ge was currently still in shock. Just like that, Su Yi Mo declared their relationship to outsiders. Sure enough, he was a daring but responsible man. When his lover was injured, he immediately hired a body double to confuse the attackers. In that time, he relocated his lover to a safe place and protected him from further harm. Moreover, together with his lover, he wasn't afraid to shoulder the pressure of being a same-sex couple.

This sort of man is what you call a real man.

Ran Feng Ge felt a sudden surge of emotions and couldn't help but sigh deeply. Jing Qiu Han, who was loved by Su Yi Mo, surely must be very happy?

"Is...he alright?" Involuntarily, Ran Feng Ge breached the forbidden topic.

Su Yi Mo's hands tightened imperceptibly on the steering wheel, but he continued to focus on the road ahead.

Just when Ran Feng Ge thought the other would never reply, Su Yi Mo spoke softly, "The gun wound on his chest is very severe. It's affecting both his heart and lungs... He will need a long time to recuperate. That's why the contract I signed with you lasts for a year. One year should be enough time for him to recover."

"Oh." Ran Feng Ge leaned against the seat, and spoke no more. Instead, in a slight daze, he turned his head and looked out the window at the scenery flying past.

Su Yi Mo also didn't speak anymore, and drove the rest of the way in silence. When they arrived at the mansion district, they stopped in front of a simple, yet luxurious white mansion.

Ran Feng Ge gazed at the building standing in front of him, his mouth unconsciously falling open—this was indeed a rich person's house!

Ahem. After regaining control over himself, Ran Feng Ge coughed once. He then inwardly told himself: *You are also rich. When you have accomplished enough and decide to quit this line of work, you can also buy a small mansion. You can raise two large dogs and drive a sports car everywhere. You can live a satisfied and elegant life...*

"Are you getting out?" Upon hearing Su Yi Mo's voice, Ran Feng Ge collected himself from his fantasy. He unfastened his seat belt, opened the door, and stepped out.

"At home, you don't have to be as careful as you were at the hospital. I have already inspected the house; there aren't any tapping devices inside. You just have to go in and come out of that house as Jing Qiu Han. When it's necessary, follow the script and say a few of his lines. Other than that, you're free to do what you want." Su Yi Mo paused, and then continued, "Of course, when your 'wounds' have completely healed, you'll have to replace Qiu Han and finish filming the postponed drama. When you're with the filming crew, you must be Jing Qiu Han. You have to be careful of everything, and must not leave any holes in your acting."

In other words, this period at home was time for him to adjust to what's to come?

Ran Feng Ge nodded, revealing a detached smile, "Many thanks to Boss for reminding me."

Following the other, Ran Feng Ge stepped into the house. The floor was covered with white carpet. His eyes drifted to the couch, coffee table, and flat-screen T.V. It was different from the cold house where they signed the contract. Here, every corner was filled with warmth.

It couldn't be... that this was Su Yi Mo and Jing Qiu Han's secret love nest?

Su Yi Mo even brought him here...

Right, he was Jing Qiu Han at this moment...

"Your room is on the second floor, at the end of the hall. Do you want to take a look first?" Su Yi Mo took off his tie, and threw it on the couch. He gave a questioning look at the other man.

"Okay," Ran Feng Ge readily responded.

The room on the second floor had a completely different style from the first—it had hardwood flooring with large floor to ceiling windows. On one side of the windows, there was a big row of bookshelves with a mahogany desk connected to the shelves. The latest laptop sat on the desk, with a white, desk lamp behind it. Opposite of the desk and shelves was a piano. Beside it lay a king-sized bed with pale, blue sheets. A double closet stood beside the bed. Upon first glance, Ran Feng Ge took a liking to the room.

"Do you like it?" Su Yi Mo softly asked.

"Is it alright, for me to live here?" Ran Feng Ge fixed his eyes on the picture frame sitting on the desk—it carried a photo of Su Yi Mo and Jing Qiu Han. In the picture, they looked to be around eighteen or nineteen years old. They looked young and pure, with brilliant smiles on their faces.

That must be their most important treasure, right?

"It doesn't matter. When acting, you have to act until the end. I don't mind it. Moreover, I believe that the golden body double won't destroy what's in here. Am I right?" Su Yi Mo met the other's eyes, and after a long while, he added another sentence, "What's more, right now you're Jing Qiu Han. Of course you need to live in his room."

Sure enough, body doubles always had to use the original's belongings. It didn't matter if they were good or bad, because in the end, they didn't belong to the body double.

After all, they were merely shadows.

"Alright, it is better to accept than to decline courteously." Ran Feng Ge soon settled into the situation. He walked to the closet, opened it; and was amazed by the amount of different clothing inside. "Are there pajamas in here? Since you said I can be freer inside the house, I would like to take a shower. Would it be convenient?"

Since he had stayed at the hospital for so long, Ran Feng Ge hadn't had a chance to shower. Every day, a nurse would help him wipe down his body, but that sort of thing didn't do any good. Whenever he thought about the fact that he hadn't showered for nearly a month, he would feel uncomfortable all over.

Staying where he was, Su Yi Mo replied, "The pajamas are in the second drawer, underwear in the third. They are all new, so you can pick whichever you want. I have to go sort some things out in the study. When you're done with your shower, you can call for takeaway to eat. There are takeout menus on the coffee table on the first floor. You can order whatever you want; don't worry about me."

"Oh, okay." Looking for pajamas and underwear, Ran Feng Ge was currently crouching in front of the closet, opening drawers. Looking at the drawers full of white pajamas and white underwear, the corners of his lips couldn't help but twitch in a wry smile. He cursed Su Yi Mo inside his mind; the man had a severe case of mysophobia. Ran Feng Ge picked out a loose-fitting bathrobe and a pair of plain, white underwear. Before, when Su Yi Mo was speaking, he had answered thoughtlessly. When he finally stood up holding the clothes, Su Yi Mo was already gone.

Uh...what was he talking about earlier? I didn't even catch it...something about takeaway?

Whatever, let's just go shower!

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: PiKairi, Foolimthesunknight

Chapter 12 Alright, It's My Fault for Caring too Much. Serves Me Right!

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-012/

By a giraffe

5/15/2014

After showering, Ran Feng Ge strolled out of the bathroom wearing a white bathrobe while rubbing his hair dry.

Sitting on the couch, he saw the pile of takeout menus next to some money on the coffee table. He paused, and then remembered Su Yi Mo's words. *Oh...so he was telling me to order takeout...*

He raised his head and looked around the room, fixing his eyes on the door to the left. He looked through the door's glass pane and determined that it led to the kitchen.

After forcefully rubbing his wet hair a few more times, Ran Feng Ge stood up and entered the kitchen.

He'd had enough of takeout food while he was at the hospital. Since he had some freedom right now, he should do what he wanted. In any case, his freedom would be gone again in a few days. How could he not use this opportunity to treat himself a bit? He might have been the golden body double, but that didn't mean he would force himself if he didn't need to.

Opening the refrigerator, Ran Feng Ge was greeted by something unexpected. He had originally thought the fridge would be completely empty. Before, he'd had the sudden impulse to cook himself something to eat. But when he stepped into the kitchen, he realized something. For someone as icy and self-restrained as Su Yi Mo, how was it possible that he would cook his own food? Ran Feng Ge laughed at his own stupidity as he pulled the doors of the fridge open. So when he saw that the insides were packed to the brim and filled with brightly colored vegetables, he couldn't help but stare in shock.

That guy, he can cook?

In disbelief, Ran Feng Ge carelessly swung the towel he had used to rub his hair across his shoulders. He then washed his hands, took out some vegetables, washed them, chopped them, and cooked them...

Half an hour later.

Ran Feng Ge had already cooked three dishes. Although he had only used the most common ingredients to make the dishes, they still smelled, looked, and tasted great. He reached out and picked up a piece of red-braised pork and popped it into his mouth. He chewed for a bit, and then closed his eyes with an expression of satisfaction.

Hmm... I haven't cooked in a long time, but it seems like my cooking skills are still as good as ever.

As he lifted the lid of the rice cooker beside him, a wave of the rice's sweet smell hit his nose. Using a white plastic spoon, Ran Feng Ge scooped out two bowls of rice and placed them on the dining table. He then turned around and made to leave the kitchen, wanting to call Su Yi Mo down to eat.

Just when Ran Feng Ge stepped out of the kitchen, he saw a head poking out around a corner on the second floor. Su Yi Mo stuck out his nose and took a deep breath, as if he doubted what he smelled. His expression at that moment was really funny, yet also very...adorable.

"Your sense of smell is quite good." Ran Feng Ge crossed his arms and lazily leaned against the kitchen door frame, a teasing expression on his face as he looked at the other. "I just finished cooking, why don't we eat together?"

Su Yi Mo stared blankly at the man on the first floor, his gaze shifting slightly down to the open collar of the other's bathrobe. For no reason at all, his heart started beating faster. But he quickly stifled the feeling, expression quickly returning to normal. With steady steps, Su Yi Mo walked down the stairs. "How meticulous of you. Qiu Han's good at cooking too,"

"But if you are dressed this scantily because you want to entice me, then I'm sorry, your attempt is in vain. Don't count your chickens before they hatch. Besides Qiu Han, I won't fall in love with anyone else.

"Not even you, who's standing in for him.

"Don't think just because you have excellent skills, that you can resort to petty tricks in front of me. Don't think that just because you're doing what you please, you can replace Qiu Han!"

It turned out Su Yi Mo had forgotten that he was the one who had said "at home, you can be freer." For someone like Ran Feng Ge, he could only feel at home if he was free to do what he wished. Would anyone cover themselves from head to toe after taking a shower at home? He was used to going with his impulses, so he didn't think much about it. After his shower, he felt hungry, so he cooked some food to eat. Ran Feng Ge didn't think the way he dressed would become something like "a deliberate plan to entice him" in Su Yi Mo's eyes.

That one sentence of Su Yi Mo's made Ran Feng Ge's smile freeze on his face.

The other meaning of that one sentence was— "How meticulous of you, you even learned how to cook. You probably put in a lot of effort to make it smell and look this great. You're becoming more and more like Jing Qiu Han."

Ran Feng Ge quickly wiped the frozen smile off his face and adjusted his mood to a better one. He refused to look at Su Yi Mo and simply murmured a, "thanks for the compliments" before turning around and walking towards the dining table. He picked up his chopsticks and began eating.

Su Yi Mo glanced at the other, who was eating with large mouthfuls, and reproachfully said, "Qiu Han is very elegant when he eats. You should pay attention to your manners a bit more, so that other people won't see through your act."

A mouthful of rice suddenly lodged inside Ran Feng Ge's throat; he grabbed the cup of water sitting at the side and started gulping it down. However, the water was too hot and he immediately spit it all back out. In that moment, a piece of the rice that was lodged inside his throat became stuck in his nasal cavity. Ran Feng Ge couldn't help start coughing, and even sneezed afterwards...

Watching the other man's series of actions, Su Yi Mo's brow became increasingly creased with more and more displeasure. He slowly put down his chopsticks; he hadn't even taken a mouthful of the food.

"Looks like you still haven't got into character."

"Sorry, I've been negligent. You said I could be freer at home, so I really did relax a bit. That was my bad; I shouldn't have forgotten my role. I'm sorry that I've caused trouble for you. I'll quickly get into character. You don't have to worry; something like this won't ever happen again." Because Ran Feng Ge had been choking and coughing, the rims of his eyes were red. However, there wasn't any trembling to be heard in his voice.

"It's good that you understand. I'll go order takeout. What would you like?" Su Yi Mo's standing posture was tall and distant. His voice had its usual iciness.

Ran Feng Ge took a deep breath, and then revealed a warm smile. "It's fine; I'm good,"

The other man didn't say anything back and merely walked towards the coffee table. Su Yi Mo picked up one of the takeout menus and pulled out his cell phone. While he was ordering food, he walked to the stairs. By the time he made it to the second floor, the conversation had already ended.

He ordered pizza.

Ran Feng Ge helplessly sighed. Looking at the somewhat messy dining table, he resignedly picked up his chopsticks and started eating alone.

It was his own spit. Why would he mind it?

While he was eating, he carried a somewhat self-deprecating smile on his face. *Ran Feng Ge, what's wrong with you today? Why did you want to enter into your employer's life? Why does it matter to you if he eats or not?*

You...are only a body double. Don't overstep your boundaries.

Just obediently do your work and get the commission fee at the end.

There's a saying that "if you take too much on your plate, you'll end up suffering." You have been living skillfully in this industry for this long already, so why did you lose your cool this time around? Why did you take interest in your employer this time...you even thought yourself clever and wanted to dig around for his secret...

After the misunderstanding, Ran Feng Ge's mood couldn't help but plummet. If he was depressed while he was eating, he would suffer from indigestion. Ran Feng Ge was already learning to eat in the elegant "Jing Qiu Han style," but his appetite was disappearing.

Damn it! Why in the world did I cook when I didn't even need to! Ran Feng Ge slammed his chopsticks down on the table. He then picked up the plates of food and dumped them all into the trash. At this, he finally exhaled lightly.

Alright, it's my fault for caring too much. Serves me right!

Ran Feng Ge took the lesson to heart this time. While he was acting as Jing Qiu Han's body double, he swore he would never cook again.

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Syrra, PiKairi

Chapter 13 Painting of a Beautiful Man Bathing

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-013/

By a giraffe

5/15/2014

"Ding-dong, ding-dong—"

The door-bell suddenly sounded.

Ran Feng Ge guessed that the takeout had arrived, and yelled towards the second floor, "Ah Mo, your food's here!"

After a few minutes of mood adjustment, Ran Feng Ge had already returned to his normal "working attitude". There was no way to tell that he had been ruffled by what had happened earlier.

Su Yi Mo slowly walked down the stairs. He gave a slight glance at Ran Feng Ge, who was sitting on the couch, then went to the front door and opened it.

Sure enough, it was the takeout. Su Yi Mo paid the delivery person and closed the door, then walked into the room with the large pizza box in hand.

Ran Feng Ge's right ear twitched, and his face suddenly grew pale. He swiftly stood up and ran to Su Yi Mo's side. He tore the pizza box out of the other's hands, kicked the door open, and forcefully threw it outside.

Ran Feng Ge's actions were as quick as lightning, and in the blink of an eye, the pizza that had been in Su Yi Mo's hands disappeared. The latter raised his head, and saw his pizza falling in a parabolic arc.

"You—"

"Boom—"

At the same time as Su Yi Mo started speaking, the falling pizza box exploded with an enormous bang. Bits of pizza flew in every direction, and the thick smell of gunpowder permeated the air.

Su Yi Mo looked, astonished, at Ran Feng Ge. The latter was still in the same position as before. After he heard the explosion and determined that the danger was over, Ran Feng Ge finally withdrew his hand. He slowly turned around and fixed Su Yi Mo with a deep look, "Exactly what kind of person did you provoke?"

"If I knew, why would I have hired you?" Su Yi Mo replied calmly. "Aren't you the golden body double? Isn't it your job to help me figure out who my enemy is as well?"

"You're right. I'll try to find the answer quickly. If you don't need anything else, I'm going to go rest." Ran Feng Ge walked towards the stairs. After climbing a few steps, he paused, although he didn't turn around. "Don't accept things that other people give you so easily. Next time, before you open anything, let me examine it. After all... I am a professional."

"I understand." Su Yi Mo looked at the other's retreating back, his expression changing slightly. He turned his head away and walked towards the kitchen.

When he saw the food in the trash can, he frowned slightly.

Forget it; missing one meal wasn't that important.

Second floor.

Ran Feng Ge laid out across the large bed and sighed heavily.

After spacing out for a long time, he finally sat up. He pulled out the "tools" he always carried on his person and began to put the "make-up" on his body.

Because he wanted to clean himself thoroughly in the shower, he had washed away the scars he painted on himself in the hospital. Since he had decided to obediently do his work as a body double, he wanted to repaint the scars back on his chest and right side.

When Su Yi Mo opened the door, he was faced with the scene of Ran Feng Ge painting on himself.

Almost naked, Ran Feng Ge stood in front of the dressing mirror. Using something like a pencil, he intently "carved" the scar onto himself. Because he was so focused on his work, he did not notice Su Yi Mo's intrusion.

Ran Feng Ge's legs were long, thin, and straight. He had a nice backside and a flat stomach without any excess flesh. His skin was slightly pale, and his ribs faintly protruded against it. After showering, Ran Feng Ge had been busy in the kitchen making food, and after that he was in a hurry to grab the pizza bomb from Su Yi Mo's hands and throw it away. This series of actions had given a slightly reddish tint to his skin. It made him exceedingly attractive.

Su Yi Mo's eyes moved up to look at the face that was exactly the same as Jing Qiu Han's, right down to the thickness of his eyebrows. The other's hair was still wet from the shower, and occasionally a drop of water formed at the tips. The drop of water would fall onto his shoulders, trail down his back, and stop just above the split between his buttocks...

Su Yi Mo quietly swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing with the movement.

When Ran Feng Ge finished drawing the scar on his chest, he let out the breath he had been holding. He suddenly sensed a heated stare on his back. He turned his head to look, and coincidentally met with Su Yi Mo's smoldering gaze.

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Foolimthesunknight, Syrra

Chapter 14: Personally Drawing a Back Tattoo

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-014/

By a giraffe

6/15/2014

Almost instinctively, Ran Feng Ge bent over to grab the bathrobe on the bed and wrap himself in it. He lifted his eyes. "Need me for something?"

"About earlier... I'm sorry... Also, thank you." Su Yi Mo didn't withdraw his gaze yet, and continued to stare at Ran Feng Ge calmly and expressionlessly.

Was the sorry for what happened in the kitchen? Naturally, the thank you was in regards to the bomb.

But, why were his words so stiff?! Whether it was the apology or thanks, Ran Feng Ge found that neither was spoken from the heart. However, seeing that Su Yi Mo had, exceptionally, given him an apology, he decided to temporarily forgive him. He was his boss, after all.

Shrugging his shoulders, Ran Feng Ge simply decided to resolve this quickly. "No worries. You're welcome."

"You're drawing a scar?" Su Yi Mo awkwardly scratched his nose. It was quite hard for a wordless iceberg to start a conversation.

"You've seen it already. There's no need for me to say more, right?" As expected, even the topic of conversation this iceman chose was clumsy!

"Why don't I help you?" Su Yi Mo's gaze started becoming more presumptuous. He stared at Ran Feng Ge's chest, almost fully exposed due to the loosely wrapped robe. He couldn't help but sigh to himself, wondering if it was correct to hire this thousand-faced devil to live with him day in and day out... He kept getting provoked, like when Ran Feng Ge inadvertently revealed certain expressions or unintentionally acted a certain way, especially while he wore the face of his lover.

"Hm?" Ran Feng Ge was slightly shocked by what he had said. He suspiciously eyed Su Yi Mo, then smiled. He politely rejected the offer in an alienating tone, "I'm already finished."

"But you haven't drawn on your back yet." Su Yi Mo stubbornly stood in his ground, "Qiu Han, he... has a tattoo on his back near the neck area, an eagle in flight." Pausing for a moment, he continued to explain, "I've see that eagle many times, so I can accurately draw it back out. Not to mention... it must be really hard to draw on your own back, right?"

Ran Feng Ge really wanted to rebut that by saying, "Nothing is that hard to me. If I feel like doing something, then it can be done." Didn't he always draw by himself when he's working alone?

He opened his mouth to answer, but ultimately said nothing. He unfastened the bathrobe to reveal his upper body, then slowly turned around.

Su Yi Mo apparently had no awareness on how to avoid suspicion. When Ran Feng Ge walked around in the half-loose bathrobe earlier, he had taunted him and misinterpreted his actions. Now he requests him to strip down. Just what is he thinking?

"The tattoo is very complex. It might take me a while..." Su Yi Mo said softly, "Lie in bed. It might be more comfortable that way."

"Wouldn't have thought, but you're actually quite considerate..." Ran Feng Ge muttered, and obediently lay in bed, eyes closed, chin resting on the back of his hands.

Perhaps Su Yi Mo had found the conversation earlier too unpleasant, so now he's trying to find an excuse to chat with him? They can't be in a cold war forever, right? Su Yi Mo's his employer and source of income, and he was his trump card, the substitute for his lover.

One could say they're in a mutually dependent relationship. You couldn't just cut out one or the other. Bickering or fighting wouldn't do either of them any good.

Thinking this, Ran Feng Ge calmly rested in bed, waiting for Su Yi Mo's personal artwork.

A somewhat cold texture landed on his back and roamed around to make an arc: a pair of wings, an eye, a mouth, a pair of talons...

Ran Feng Ge suddenly opened his eyes, and a glare of light flashed across his eyes. This tattoo...

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Translators: Nuddles

Proofreaders: Syrra, PiKairi

Chapter 15 Various Thoughts in the Night

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-015/

By a giraffe

7/15/2014

When he noticed that Ran Feng Ge's muscles had suddenly tensed, Su Yi Mo paused and said, "What's wrong?"

"... It's nothing, continue drawing!" Ran Feng Ge relaxed, but his expression had sharpened.

Could it be... that Jing Qiu Han... is related to that person?

It stood to reason that, from Su Yi Mo's status and point of view, he ought to be very clear about what this tattoo represented, so... was he deliberately ignoring its origin? He loved Jing Qiu Han too dearly... was that why... he could forgive the latter for everything?

"You and Jing Qiu Han... how did you meet each other?" Ran Feng Ge asked, pretending the words had accidentally slipped out; however, his ears had already perked up.

"Why are you asking? Are you curious?" Su Yi Mo's pencil paused slightly, but he continued applying color to the tattoo soon after.

"It's something a body double needs know. Someday, when someone asks how we met each other, I can't say I don't know, right?" Ran Feng Ge quickly found an excuse.

Su Yi Mo snorted softly: "You can just tell him 'no comment'."

"Okay. That's your style, indeed."

Actually, Ran Feng Ge did know how to deal with matters related to the original that a body double would have no knowledge of. He only needed to evade the question by saying, "That's a personal matter, you have no right to get involved", "I'm very sorry, I don't want people to become overly involved in my private life", "If you really like me and want to know more about me, please listen to my exclusive interview", and other things like that.

Forget it. Su Yi Mo is no fool. The success he has today shows that he definitely has the skills and determination to support himself.

All I have to do is be a good body double.

"Done." Su Yi Mo withdrew his hand, gazing at the eagle proudly displayed on Ran Feng Ge's back with a satisfied expression. "It suits you."

"Thanks." Ran Feng Ge wanted to wrap himself in his bathrobe, but Su Yi Mo stopped him, saying, "Wait a bit, it hasn't dried yet!"

"The materials I use are of the highest quality. The tattoo won't come off as long as I don't wash it off using a specialized method. Neither bathing nor sweating will affect it, so there's no need for you to worry."

Still, Su Yi Mo pulled away Ran Feng Ge's bathrobe, pointing to the mirror with his other hand; "You don't want to see what kind of tattoo it is?"

Ran Feng Ge rolled his eyes, but in the end he still obediently stood up, walked in front of the mirror, and turned his head sideways to look—piercing eyes, a pointed beak, razor-sharp claws, outspread wings; very lifelike indeed.

Only, this eagle tattoo seemed to be somewhat different from the one he'd imagined earlier and seen many years ago...

This eagle was somewhat fiercer, positioned higher, diving while tilted slightly, and its wings were spread widely. The grandeur it displayed was somewhat more powerful. It was an existence similar to that of a king; overbearing and awe-inspiring.

Could it be... that I was just overthinking things? This is just an ordinary tattoo. Had Jing Qiu Han just randomly chosen this design? Perhaps he has no relations to that person?

"Your drawing skills are pretty good!" Ran Feng Ge put on his bathrobe without batting an eyelash and dismissed Su Yi Mo with a smile, "Anything else I can do for you?"

Su Yi Mo did not speak; he just stole near Ran Feng Ge suddenly, his arm wantonly embracing the other man's waist. Su Yi Mo then pulled the other to his chest and promptly pressed their lips together.

Ran Feng Ge was never one to react much. His eyelashes fluttered once, and his two arms reached forward to encircle Su Yi Mo's neck as he deepened the kiss.

After the poignant kiss, Su Yi Mo pressed his forehead against the other man's and said softly, "You just left the hospital today; get a good rest."

"We're not sleeping together?" Ran Feng Ge smiled alluringly.

Su Yi Mo's eyes smoldered, but in the end he simply kissed the corner of the other's lips. "Good night."

"Good night."

Only after following Su Yi Mo's departure from the room with his eyes, and seeing the door close, did Ran Feng Ge relax. He threw himself onto the huge bed, turned over, and instinctively explored the back of his neck with his fingers.

He knew that the so-called tattoo had been drawn using his own special pigments and that it really wasn't a real tattoo. Though he wouldn't detect any differences simply through touch, he still couldn't help wanting to touch it.

Is Jing Qiu Han truly not related to that person at all? Ran Feng Ge couldn't banish the thought from his mind.

Ran Feng Ge thought of the period of time he had spent "hospitalized." Su Yi Mo had calmly and attentively taken care of him in subtle ways. He had been afraid that Ran Feng Ge would have stomach trouble, so every day he had brought the other man something to eat. Even though his character was as cold as ice and the aura he emitted was as distant as a stranger's, he truly had been very attentive.

His previous employer had not been as attentive as Su Yi Mo, disregarding everything else after tossing him his commission.

All right, even though the main reason was that he was the body double of Su Yi Mo's lover, and Su Yi Mo would probably care for anyone connected to his lover, Ran Feng Ge didn't want to trouble him with favors for nothing. He decided, tonight he would properly look up the origin of this tattoo!

If it was just a coincidence that Jing Qiu Han had chosen such a misleading tattoo, then he'd drop it. If the other man really was related to that person, couldn't he warn Su Yi Mo to have his guard up?

Taking off his bathrobe to change, Ran Feng Ge sighed—he hoped he'd just been thinking too much. Even if he warned Su Yi Mo, the other man probably wouldn't believe him.

With his agile fingers, it didn't take very long for Ran Feng Ge to lay a dummy onto the bed. Once the dummy was covered by blankets, no one could tell the difference.

After thinking a bit, he slowly took off the mask on his face, revealing his own handsome face. Because he'd spent so long wearing the mask, which wasn't particularly breathable, his skin looked somewhat pale. The man in the mirror smiled, charming and handsome.

Sure enough, looking at his own face still was the most comfortable. When acting as a body double, he had to walk around wearing someone else's face every day. Despite that, if he inadvertently looked in the mirror, he would still startle himself. Fortunately, his mental control was good enough that his expression wouldn't change too much.

Tonight, I'll act as Ran Feng Ge for once!

He placed the mask on the dummy's face, smiling slightly. This way was even more foolproof. As long as no one took a closer look, they wouldn't find anything wrong.

Ran Feng Ge opened the window and observed his surroundings. He had been about to jump down from the window, but he suddenly saw a light in the garage, followed by the sound of an engine starting up.

A black Jaguar slowly left the garage. Sitting in the driver's seat, Su Yi Mo wore an indifferent expression. Ran Feng Ge hastily moved aside to hide behind the curtains, only sticking his head out when he sensed the car had left the mansion. He narrowed his eyes, watching as the car gradually disappeared from his field of view.

It's already this late; where is he going?

A thought surfaced in his mind, and Ran Feng Ge raised an eyebrow knowingly. There was no need to guess; Su Yi Mo was definitely going to see the real Jing Qiu Han, wasn't he?

Ran Feng Ge looked away and placed both hands on the windowsill, then jumped out lightly, like the flight of a nimble black panther.

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Translators: Sherry

Proofreaders: Syrra, Nannyn

Chapter 16 Long Time No See

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-016/

By a giraffe

8/3/2014

After carefully avoiding the security cameras, Ran Feng Ge finally managed to leave the mansion. He ran alongside the road for a bit before stopping to take out his cell phone. He tapped a few keys with his long fingers and then hit "send".

A few seconds later, his phone notified him that his message had been sent. Holding his arms and leaning against a street lamp, Ran Feng Ge waited quietly.

Ten minutes later.

A red sports car came to a stop in front of him. The passenger's side window rolled down. The driver was a man with a head of conspicuous red hair. Even at night, he was wearing sunglasses and playing cool. A cigarette hung from his mouth, half burnt. When he saw that the person waiting for him was Ran Feng Ge, he smiled, revealing a set of pearly-white teeth. As he flung his head back, the ashes from his cigarette followed and softly floated down. His excited voice was like his character, showy and impertinent. "You madman, it's really you! Get in!"

That Cheng Xi Ran, lively as always. Ran Feng Ge's mouth twitched in a smile. He opened the car door and quickly got in.

"It's already so late. What do you need me for?"

"I'll tell you once we reach [Tian Lan](#)." Ran Feng Ge turned on the car radio. The station that came on was broadcasting news on Jing Qiu Han. He frowned, and turned the knob. He stopped on a station that was currently playing music. He then leaned back against the seat, letting himself slowly relax.

"Weren't you in the United States? When did you get back?" Cheng Xi Ran changed the topic.

"I came back a month ago. I took up a new assignment recently," Ran Feng Ge replied. "What about you? You haven't taken up any new jobs these past two years?"

"Me? Forget about it, I'm not as desperate as you. I have the profits from Tian Lan, so I can pass my days leisurely. I don't even need to mention to you how good a life I'm leading right now."

Cheng Xi Ran paused, and couldn't resist complaining, "You little punk, are you that devoid of affection? You come back for a month and you only contact me now? Honestly, if you hadn't encountered some sort of difficult problem, would you have not contacted me at all?"

"Yup, that's exactly how I planned it." Ran Feng Ge truthfully responded.

"Shit! What do you take me for?" Cheng Xi Ran glared daggers at the other man.

Ran Feng Ge, unperturbed, withstood the glare, a smile still on his lips. "Xi Ran, I just didn't want you to get caught up in this. You finally managed to lead a leisurely life. If I start bothering you now, wouldn't I be betraying you?"

"Stop it with your disgusting act!" Cheng Xi Ran gritted his teeth. "If you didn't want to bother me, why waste your time with me now?"

"I wanted a drink, so I came to find you," Ran Feng Ge jested.

"Tch. If you only wanted a drink, then it would be easy. A City is a big place; you could go anywhere you want and get a drink!"

"But for a free drink, I can only come to you." Ran Feng Ge continued smiling. When Cheng Xi Ran saw the other's smile, he felt goose bumps ripple over his body.

"Alright, alright. I'll admit I'm scared, you [smiling tiger](#)." Cheng Xi Ran then changed the topic. "Have you already finished your assignment in the United States?"

"Of course! Did you think I was the same as you? I actually put effort into my assignments, unlike you who only tries at the very start. Besides, I wouldn't take on a job just to abandon it as I pleased. That's not my style as the golden body double," Ran Feng Ge said in a narcissistic tone. But as he was speaking, he lowered his eyes. An imperceptible expression flashed across them, somewhat self-deprecating, and somewhat apprehensive.

Although Cheng Xi Ran was insensitive and thick-skinned, he clearly caught the fleeting look of worry in the other man's eyes. It couldn't be that...the assignment had left Ran Feng Ge with some worries, could it?

At that time, Cheng Xi Ran had tried to persuade his friend to reject the job. If Ran Feng Ge accepted, he would have to act as the young master of a ridiculously large family. He would have to live in strife and turmoil every day. He would be subjected to fights for the inheritance, quarrels between brothers, kidnapping, and even assassination attempts.

Being a body double certainly carried high risks. This line of work required various high-level skills, which included acting, appearance changing, voice changing, medical expertise, fighting ability, and an enormous amount of diverse knowledge. It was very rare for someone to be proficient in all of these skills. Even if one was able to master only two or three of the skills, one would be doing quite well in the business. One could just rest easy and rake in the money.

Ran Feng Ge was obviously an exception to the rule. Before he started in the business, he had put himself through demonic training. He had meticulously and painstakingly studied every skill and quality a body double should possess.

People took notice of Ran Feng Ge's awe-inspiring title of "the golden body double", but few saw the inhuman effort he had secretly made to attain that title.

When everyone was concerned about how high you could climb, was there anyone, anyone at all, who cared about whether you were tired of the climb?

Feng Ge... You... Are you really not tired?

Learn to be like me. When it's appropriate, you should stop and rest. Find someone to love, someone who also loves you back. It's better than passing your days in loneliness...

"Hey, what are you thinking? If you don't turn now, we'll never reach Tian Lan!" Ran Feng Ge raised his voice and reminded the clearly distracted Cheng Xi Ran.

"Ah!" Cheng Xi Ran let out a surprised cry, and quickly spun the steering wheel. The sound of tires rubbing asphalt was ear-grating, but they had successfully turned onto the right road.

"Every time I sit in your car, I have to fear for my life! Can't you be more careful? If you don't take your life seriously, how can you take Xiao Mi seriously? Next time, think about her, and then you can cure your bad habit of getting so distracted!" Ran Feng Ge irritably scolded the other.

Cheng Xi Ran laughed mockingly at the other's words, but concentrated on his driving.

Tian Lan was a bar Cheng Xi Ran owned. It was located downtown. While the bar wasn't flourishing with business, it also wasn't ridden with debt. The amount of customers they got varied each night. Cheng Xi Ran wasn't demanding; he made a steady income and he wasn't suffering from losses.

Plus, he had savings from when he worked as a body double. He could live the rest of his life in comfort.

In contrast, Ran Feng Ge didn't want to become an unemployed vagrant so early in his life. As long as he was alive, he wanted to work for his happiness. When he became old, he could look back on the things he had accomplished. If all he did was eat and drink, then his life would be dull and vapid. It would be a waste of a life!

"Ah! Isn't this Xiao Ge I see here? You've already come back?" An outspoken female voice came from behind Ran Feng Ge. He smiled as he turned his head to look at the short-haired woman standing behind the bar counter. She was wearing a silver, sleeveless jacket studded with shiny sequins, shorts, and a pair of long, black boots. Ran Feng Ge raised his hand in greeting, "Mi Le, long time no see."

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Syrra, PiKairi

Chapter 17 Chasing Hawk

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-017/

By a giraffe

8/15/2014

"Mi Le? Why are you acting so distant? Didn't you used to call me Xiao Mi?" Mi Le skillfully shook the cocktail shaker she had in her hand. She smiled brightly, appearing especially charming with the faint dimples in her cheeks.

"There are a lot of people here today, so I'm saving you some face." Ran Feng Ge sat down on one of the tall stools by the bar. He put both elbows on the counter and unconsciously leaned forward. "Hand me a glass of absinthe."

Though his posture was casual, it caused a bunch of girls in the bar to scream in delight.

"No problem!" Mi Le replied frankly, and then teased the other, "Are you here to pick up girls tonight?"

Cheng Xi Ran sat down beside Ran Feng Ge and looked at him with similarly questioning eyes, waiting for his answer.

He had already asked that on the road, but Ran Feng Ge hadn't replied. The other man had only said to wait until they reached Tian Lan. They were already there, so it was time for him to answer.

"If you let me, then let's say I am!" Ran Feng Ge said with an evil smirk.

Mi Le blushed, and let out a "tch" to voice her displeasure.

Cheng Xi Ran promptly spoke out when he heard Ran Feng Ge's words, "One shouldn't bully their friend's wives! Le Le is mine! Don't you dare get any funny ideas!"

Mi Le smiled and tenderly looked at Cheng Xi Ran, her eyes filled with happiness.

Ran Feng Ge stopped joking around and pulled out his phone. He zoomed in on the photo of the tattoo he had taken earlier, and then handed his phone to Mi Le. "Please check for me which organization this tattoo is associated with."

Cheng Xi Ran also leaned closer to take a look at the photo. Mi Le handed the glass in her hand to Ran Feng Ge, "Here, your absinthe is ready." She then took the phone from him and studied it with Cheng Xi Ran.

"A goshawk?" Mi Le's expression became serious. Her long, slender fingers tapped the screen, "Where did you see this?"

"Don't worry about that. Just tell me what the tattoo represents." Ran Feng Ge gave his usual genial smile, making Mi Le unable to ask anything even though she was suspicious.

Cheng Xi Ran, Ran Feng Ge, and Mi Le were the three best body doubles in the industry; they were even better friends. They had started in the industry around the same time. Ran Feng Ge was well-rounded and versatile, and because of that, the other two appeared like amateurs when compared to him. However, Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le had their own talents.

Mi Le had an exceptional memory. She loved researching the culture and customs of every country in the world so much that she was like a living map. She was knowledgeable about every country's criminal organizations, and she had recorded mental notes on the leaders, sizes, makeup, and financial sources of these organizations. Other than that, she was also well informed on the inner workings of the business world, or in layman's terms—gossip. Which companies were rivals, or which ones had hidden secrets, just ask her, and it'll definitely be accurate!

On the other hand, Cheng Xi Ran enjoyed playing around with weapons. Knives, guns, staffs, he liked all sorts of weapons ranging from ancient history to modern day. It didn't matter if they were old weapons or products of current technology; he had thoroughly studied them all! Sometimes, he'd even remodel weapons to create new ones of outstanding power. However, he had a problem—he was extremely lazy. Unless it was for a special circumstance, he wouldn't bother remodeling anything. He'd only study things he wasn't familiar with. Once he did become familiar with them though, he wouldn't ever touch them again.

Of course, when Mi Le and Cheng Xi Ran became a couple, they lost all interest in the body double industry. The two gradually faded from the circle. With the help of society, which was enamored with decadence and extravagance, they hid themselves and began their new lives. And they're doing quite well at that.

Ran Feng Ge didn't want to bother them at first, but he missed the two after barely seeing them for two years. He wanted to know how they were doing. Not to mention, he himself had come across a few problems. Having another person meant having another way of solving these problems.

As his friends were studying the tattoo, Ran Feng Ge felt warmth in his heart. A moment later, he asked, "Thought of anything?"

"Yes, you shouldn't provoke them." Mi Le solemnly advised him.

"You know where this tattoo comes from?" Ran Feng Ge's eyes brightened and cast an eager look at the experienced and knowledgeable woman.

Mi Le exchanged a glance with Cheng Xi Ran, and then sighed, "If you want to know, then I'll tell you. I must warn you though, don't get involved!"

"Yes! I understand!" Ran Feng Ge nodded sincerely, showing that he would be cautious.

"This tattoo can be traced back to three hundred years ago. It was first used by a gang called Falcon. Falcon dealt with the grey area of many types of business. They would smuggle firearms and ammunition for the armies of countries that shared borders. They also dabbled in the drug trade. After three hundred years, the group has split into many different branches. The branch represented by this vicious-looking goshawk is one of the most powerful—Chasing Hawk. Compared to Falcon, Chasing Hawk is much more organized and disciplined. I've heard that they have people in the government, law enforcement, and the business world. Their leader is even more mysterious. Apparently, no one has ever seen his real face, and no one knows who he actually is. The rumors say he is a cruel, merciless, and vengeful man who rules with an iron fist!"

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Translators: Nuddle

Proofreaders: Nannyn, PiKairi

Chapter 18 Ambiguous Mood

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-018/

By a giraffe

9/1/2014

Mi Le's mouth was dry by the time she finished her long explanation. She made herself a glass of fruit wine and slowly sipped it. When her eyes fell on Ran Feng Ge, worry could be seen.

"That's the Mi Le I know. Your memory is as exceptional as ever!" Ran Feng Ge raised his glass. "My humble self can only prostrate before your excellence! Here, a toast to you!"

For once, Cheng Xi Ran had a serious look on his face. He gazed steadily at his friend, and in a low voice, he asked, "Could it be that your job this time is related to Chasing Hawk?"

"You're over thinking it; I'm just curious. The job I took this time is extremely easy. I only have to play as a man who was recently discharged from the hospital, and then I get my big paycheck. It's as simple as that." Ran Feng Ge's voice was light, and his smiling face made people want to believe him, not a single flaw could be seen in his expression.

Cheng Xi Ran's pointed stare burrowed into him. "Really? Don't try to play games with me, if I find out—"

"Really, it's true! Are you going to buy me drinks or not?" Ran Feng Ge slung an arm around Cheng Xi Ran's shoulders and gave the other a friendly punch. "Don't you know how I am? If I was having trouble with something, I definitely wouldn't hold back from asking for help."

"Alright, I'll believe you this time." Cheng Xi Ran knew he wouldn't get any answers to his questions. The only thing he could do was surrender.

Nevertheless, he understood. If Ran Feng Ge wasn't saying anything, then it meant he had it under control. Plus, the dashing man with the brilliant smile was the best in the industry. He was intelligent, talented, versatile, and capable of improvising when the situation called for it.

Mi Le had the exact same thought as her lover. Even if they put their two skills together, they still couldn't beat Ran Feng Ge. The only thing they had to do to fulfill their duty as his friends was to avoid causing trouble for the other. Of course, they also had to take him out for occasional drinks and let him have his fill.

When Ran Feng Ge noticed that his friends weren't going to press him, he let out an internal sigh of relief.

Afterwards, the three of them reminisced about the past and talked about their plans for the future. They became closer as they chatted, discussing all sorts of topics. Smiling, Ran Feng Ge even asked the other two about their wedding date. As he looked upon the obvious happiness on his friends' faces, he couldn't help but wonder if the date was close.

Although Mi Le was normally a straightforward, bold girl, when she heard Ran Feng Ge's question, she couldn't help but feel shy. Her shyness, on top of her red cheeks—a result of the wine—made her an alluring picture.

"Don't tell me that I actually guessed right? Is it soon?" Ran Feng Ge raised an eyebrow.

Cheng Xi Ran took his girlfriend, who had become sweet and helpless, into his arms. He had an infuriating smile, like the cat that got the cream. "Don't worry punk, when we get married, the first one we'll tell is you! Of course, we'll make sure you have plenty of time to prepare a gift. I'm going to tell you now; if we aren't satisfied with the gift, you aren't touching a single drop of alcohol at the wedding!"

Embarrassed, Mi Le gave Cheng Xi Ran a punch, and then stood up. A trace of a blush could still be seen on her cheeks. She then smiled generously. "Xiao Ge, we're planning on getting married next May. At the end of the year, we're going to have our [wedding pictures](#) taken. A wedding gift isn't all that important; it's enough if you bring a girlfriend when you attend!"

Hardly a second after his girlfriend had spoken, Cheng Xi Ran smiled and parroted, "Le Le is right. Punk, it's about time for you to find a girlfriend! Otherwise, what are you going to do with all that money? It's going to turn moldy in the bank. You earn money so your woman can spend it!"

Using her elbow, Mi Le jabbed Cheng Xi Ran in the chest. With slightly narrowed eyes, she said, "Hm? Cheng—Xi—Ran, are you implying that I've spent too much of your money?"

Cheng Xi Ran realized he had said the wrong thing. He quickly gave an apologetic smile, and said, "Le Le, you're over thinking it. What I meant was that I earn money so that you, my wife, can spend it. I have no objection to it! Really, I do not have any objections! I am perfectly happy to give you all of my money! Darling! Ah, don't twist my ear—ow—darling! I'm sorry. I was wrong..."

"You say it as if I've spent a fortune! I'll have you know, I also have a lot saved up from when I was a body double! Also, / was the one who paid Tian Lian's renovations fees!"

"Yes, yes. You have always used your own money. I was wrong, I was wrong. Ouch, it hurts..."

Ran Feng Ge smiled as he sipped from the glass in his hands. He sat quietly and looked on as the two clowns in front of him fooled around, his heart slowly sinking as he watched.

Will there come a day when I can lead a carefree life, just like the two of them?

"My phone number won't change, so if anything comes up, feel free to contact me. You guys keep arguing. I still have some things to do, so I'll be leaving." Ran Feng Ge drained the last of the alcohol and stood up. He smiled and teased, "I can come over anytime I want a drink, right?"

Cheng Xi Ran deliberately pretended to be angry. "Fine, but the next time you come, you need to stay and work for a day. With your good looks, you can pass as our bar's money boy."

"Go to hell!" Ran Feng Ge smiled as he cursed at the other. He grabbed his phone, and waved goodbye. "I'm leaving!"

"Hey, you had too much to drink tonight. Do you want me to find someone to give you a ride?" Cheng Xi Ran's voice became somewhat serious.

"No need; I'll take a taxi. Oh, right, I didn't bring any money with me when I left. Give me some for the taxi fare." Like a master of the house, Ran Feng Ge reached out his hand.

"Did I do something to owe you this much?" Cheng Xi Ran pulled out his wallet, took out his ID card, and then handed the rest of his wallet to the other. "Here, why don't you buy some medicine to sober yourself up along with it? Remember to be careful."

"I know. Thanks!" Ran Feng Ge didn't hold back, and accepted the wallet. He gave a lazy wave, left the bar counter, and walked out of Tian Lan.

Unlike the noisy atmosphere inside the bar, it was exceedingly quiet outside. The man looked up at the night sky, which was dotted with sparse stars. He let out a long sigh.

He frowned slightly as he walked. It seemed like Jing Qiu Han truly wasn't any ordinary person.

He didn't expect the other to really be involved with Chasing Hawk.

Chasing Hawk... [Lan Kuang](#)... Was he a vindictive and narrow-minded man?

Ah... Ran Feng chuckled, and then shook his head.

He'd really had too much to drink tonight; his vision was somewhat blurry.

A Lincoln stretch limousine suddenly came into sight. It was headed in his direction, and when it neared him, it slowly came to a stop by the roadside. The car door opened, and out stepped two men who were tall, big, and muscular. They took their spots beside Ran Feng Ge, flanking him. The two of them stared with expressionless faces at the man sandwiched between them.

Ran Feng Ge, who was rubbing his temples, stopped, and looked over confusedly at the Lincoln.

A window slowly rolled down, exposing a man's face. The stern lines of the man's face were painted to be gentle by the night's light. He had on his usual alluring smile, attractive like a poppy. He was charming, but also dangerous. "My dear older brother, you really made me spend such a long time looking for you!"

Ran Feng Ge recognized the other, and his heart seized in a tight grip. But he decided to deal with the situation in his usual manner. "Sir, are you sure you aren't mistaking me for someone else?"

"Gee, we've only been apart for forty days, but big brother doesn't even recognize me. This truly makes me sad!" The man in the limo glanced over at the two men standing beside Ran Feng Ge and motioned with his eyes. The two immediately grabbed Ran Feng Ge and tried to forcibly stuff him into the limo.

Ran Feng Ge swung out an arm, and managed to shake off the two muscular men. He then rapidly struck out with both his hands. His two targets were slow to react, and he swiftly dislocated their shoulders. The pain was so great that it forced the two men onto their knees, each holding an arm and groaning in pain.

As the man sitting in the car watched the scene play out in front of him, his smile froze, and his eyes grew sharp. But it wasn't enough to make him give up. He gave a cursory glance at Tian Lan, which was located just a few steps away. He smiled coldly and said, "I didn't know that big brother had a friend who owned a bar. I'll definitely have to pay a visit someday."

Even an idiot could understand the silent threat concealed within those words.

Ran Feng Ge raised his eyebrow, and rolled his wrist. He then slowly walked towards the car. "An Chen, exactly what do you need me for?"

An Chen broke out into a smile, a menacing smile. "Nothing really. You did play as my older brother for two years. I missed you. Am I not allowed to call you out and reminisce about the old times?"

"There's nothing to say between us!"

"Oh? Are you forcing me to be honest?" A vicious gleam appeared in An Chen's eyes. "In my father's will, did he truly leave 70 percent of An Corporation's shares to my older brother?"

Ran Feng Ge smiled at the other. "For that question, instead of me, you need to ask your brother An Mu."

"When Father died, you were substituting for An Mu," An Chen replied in a furious voice and then noticed his loss of self-control. He quickly opened the car door, and said in a low voice, "Get in! We'll talk about this somewhere else."

"What if I don't feel like talking?" Ran Feng Ge gazed at the other man with downcast eyes.

An Chen sneered. "I don't want to resort to force to solve this. I know I can't suppress you with force alone, but in the end, you are just one person. You are also excessively kind-hearted, and you worry about too many things. Eventually, we will reach a compromise. If it's like that, why should we run around in circles? If you want to act like how we were two years ago, then I have no objections."

Ran Feng Ge was silent for a moment. Then he bent over and got in the car.

The car door closed, and they drove off. The two muscular men who had their shoulders dislocated stared in irritation at the back of the car. They gritted their teeth, but finally walked off in another direction.

Anyone who had disgraced An Chen was not allowed to step foot in that car; they no longer had the qualifications to listen and obey An Chen's commands.

For them, abandonment was the only option.

Inside the car.

Ran Feng Ge was sitting beside An Chen, nonchalant. He noticed the car was moving onto the highway, and couldn't resist asking, "Where are you taking me?"

"You'll know when we reach it." An Chen turned his head to look at the composed man. He leaned closer, his eyes narrowing, like a hunter locking onto his prey. "You aren't afraid?"

Ran Feng Ge could feel An Chen's breath on his neck, but he didn't even bat an eye. Smiling, he said, "Why would I be afraid?"

"If I treat you in the same way I did last time, would you still not be afraid?" It seemed like An Chen wanted to challenge Ran Feng Ge's limits. He continued breathing down on the other man.

The mood in the car truly was ambiguous.


Ran Feng Ge suddenly lifted an elbow and pressed it against An Chen's neck, pushing the latter down onto the spacious car seat. He then revealed a dazzling smile. "The one afraid... should be you."

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Previous: [Chapter 17 Chasing Hawk](#)

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Chapter 19: Plotting While Falling into a Beautiful Man's Embrace (1)

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-019/

By a giraffe

10/16/2014

"The one afraid... should be you."

After saying this, Ran Feng Ge somewhat helplessly discovered that An Chen hadn't bought his words at all. He even laughed and used his legs that had previously been dangling off the side of the seat to forcefully clamp around Ran Feng Ge's waist. An Chen smiled and retorted, "So sorry to disappoint you, but I don't have any reason to be afraid either!"

Finished speaking, he suddenly lowered his head and nimbly caught Ran Feng Ge's lips in a kiss, nipping and biting as he plundered the other's mouth.

Ran Feng Ge reacted very quickly, turning his head slightly to the side the moment An Chen moved his head forward, but he was unable to completely avoid the kiss.

Ran Feng Ge freed his elbow and locked his fierce eyes on An Chen. An Chen provocatively met his gaze and then leisurely licked the lips that had previously been pressed against Ran Feng Ge's as if he wanted to continue.

He didn't push his luck, however, because his legs released Ran Feng Ge's waist, letting the other man sit down properly. Instead, An Chen shifted into a crooked position on the spacious seat and rested his head on his elbow. The corners of his mouth inexplicably curving upwards, he fixed his attention on Ran Feng Ge. "When did you become this sober?"

Ran Feng Ge shrugged, "That depends on who I'm with."

"Oh?" An Chen's expression darkened, and a shadowed light flashed across his eyes before he continued asking, "When faced with Lan Kuang, you become drunk, relax your self-control, and let yourself indulge, is that right?"

"No." Ran Feng Ge's expression sank, but with a tilt of his head, it became sarcastic. "When faced with An Mu, maybe."

Hearing this, An Chen gritted his teeth and lapsed into silence.

The car slowly stopped in front of a building with big, flickering neon words.

An Ping Office.

So this was the An family corporation's business office.

An Chen led the way out of the car, stepping out of the left side, and stood in front of the door waiting for Ran Feng Ge.

Ran Feng Ge sat in the car, motionless. "An Chen, you can ask An Mu about most of the things you want to know. It's pointless to ask me. I don't want to have any connection to the An family anymore."

"But I only want to ask you!" An Chen shamelessly refused to give up. "Since you're already here, you should still come up and sit with me! Isn't there a saying that goes, 'Friendly relations should exist even after a failed business transaction?' I sincerely want to become friends with you."

The corners of Ran Feng Ge's lips twitched. Sincerely wanting to become friends? If An Chen sincerely wanted to become friends with Ran Feng Ge, then why had he plotted to harm Ran Feng Ge back then? How ridiculous! But despite having those thoughts, Ran Feng Ge still gracefully stepped out of the car.

The corners of An Chen's lips curving upwards slightly, he slammed the car door shut with a bang and strode up the stairs in front of the office door. Ran Feng Ge followed him, keeping one step behind, his pace neither urgent nor slow.

Entering the elevator, An Chen pressed the button for the 20th floor, then wantonly stared at Ran Feng Ge in the elevator's mirror.

Ran Feng Ge scanned the elevator and also looked at the other man in the mirror. Seeing An Chen smile sinisterly, Ran Feng Ge's heart inevitably gave a thump.

He'd come with An Chen like this without any preparation at all, and he didn't know what tricks An Chen had up his sleeve, either... These two wealthy sons of the An family were infamously cruel and merciless. And it was he who was enough to contend with the An family's eldest son, An Mu.

The elevator dinged, signaling that they'd reached the 20th floor.

Ran Feng Ge had left the elevator before he noticed this office building's unique design. There was fretwork from the 15th to the 20th floor, and the entire 15th floor was an enormous spa separated into four sections, the sections corresponding to the four directions.

If one stood at the 20th floor and looked down, the people contentedly soaking in the spa were all visible at a glance.

Ran Feng Ge frowned slightly and inwardly wondered, what exactly did An Chen intend to accomplish by bringing him here?


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Previous: [Chapter 18 Ambiguous Mood](#)

Return: [Main Page](#)

Translators: Sherry
Proofreaders: PiKairi, Syrra

Chapter 20: Plotting While Falling into a Beautiful Man's Embrace (2)

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-020/

By a giraffe

10/16/2014

"Come with me." An Chen Ran reminded Feng Ge who stood beside him.

"If you're inviting me for a soak in the spa, then you pressed the button for the wrong floor." Ran Feng Ge playfully smiled and pointed below, towards the 15th floor. "That's where we should be."

"I didn't think you would be interested in the spa." An Chen walked ahead and opened the door to room 2010. He glanced back and asked to the other, who had not taken a single step, "What's wrong? Are you afraid?"

"Of course not." Ran Feng Ge lightly stepped over.

The lighting in the room was dim, but it was enough for Ran Feng Ge to see its layout as well as the places where a person could hide.

He glanced around the room, it seemed as if An Chen didn't have any tricks planned. Reassured, he stepped inside.

An Chen closed the door and walked to the desk sitting in front of the huge, floor-to-ceiling windows. He pulled out a chair and said, "Sit."

Ran Feng Ge strolled over and plopped down into the chair. "Can we get to the main point of this now?"

"I did a background check on you." An Chen sat opposite to him. The minute he opened his mouth, those words popped out.

Raising an eyebrow, Ran Feng Ge broke into laughter. "I thought you already had, two years ago."

An Chen rested his elbows on the desk between them and brought his palms together. With an unfathomable smile, he answered, "You're right, I did a check on you two years ago. To be more specific, the check we did recently was not on you, but your two friends who own that bar."

"And then? Are you going to threaten me?" Ran Feng Ge said indifferently.

"No, no, no! How can you say it like that? No matter what else, I did call you older brother for two years." An Chen pushed the papers lying on the desk towards him. "The pile on the left is the information on your friends, which I guess you aren't interested in. Why don't you just look at the pile on the right, as it has information on the job I want you to do."

Leaning against his chair, Ran Feng Ge draped an arm across the back of it. He didn't bother glancing at the piles of papers; instead he asked directly, "Why don't you just give it to me straight? What is it you want me to do?"

An Chen ignored the other man's somewhat rude behavior. A dangerous light flashed across his eyes, and he lowered his voice, "I want you to continue to play as my older brother An Mu."

Ran Feng Ge chuckled and replied, "I'm very sorry. I've already taken on a job, so I'm afraid I can't accept yours."

"Drop it, I'll help you pay the penalty fee." An Chen insisted.

Ran Feng Ge straightened up. Then, imitating the other, he propped his elbows on the desk and put his palms together. With a smile on his lips, he asked, "May I ask why you're giving me a job?"

"Lan Kuang is interested in you. Wait, let me rephrase that, he's interested in the An Mu you played." An Chen emphasized the last point, "Meaning the An Mu you acted as two years ago, not my real older brother An Mu. Understand?"

So Lan Kuang was interested in one of the characters he'd played a few years ago.

That was why An Chen couldn't afford to give his brother, a thorn in his side, to Lan Kuang to play with.

One of the reasons was that, if he did give his brother away, An Chen wouldn't be able to order the obedient An Mu around. Another was that, if they were together long enough, Lan Kuang would certainly see through the real An Mu.

"What's in it for you?" Ran Feng Ge asked sharply.

"That's something you don't need to know." An Chen cleverly evaded the question.

Ran Feng Ge smiled. "While I'm dressed up as An Mu, you plan on secretly taking a picture of Lan Kuang and me together. Then, with his help as the leader of Chasing Hawk, you intend on eliminating your competitors. With that, the An family's inheritance would all belong to you. Am I right?"

"No wonder you're the golden body double. Your brain is also top class!" An Chen's smile was treacherous. "Since you've already figured out my intentions, will you accept my offer or not?"

"Not interested!" Ran Feng Ge coldly replied. "I've already told you, I don't want to be involved in your family's disputes again. Don't come looking for me anymore!"

His sentence hardly finished, Ran Feng Ge picked up on an almost indiscernible sound. He felt a rush of air rushing towards him. Instinctively, he dodged backwards, taking the chair with him.

He wasn't prepared for An Chen's unexpected attack. Although he dodged, he still got stabbed in the side by the dagger that had suddenly appeared from beneath the desk.

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Chapter 21: Plotting While Falling into a Beautiful Man's Embrace (3)

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-021/

By a giraffe

11/1/2014

Holding his wound, Ran Feng Ge took two steps backwards. He slowly raised his eyes and gazed at the man opposite of him. "You're still the same as before..."

Still unscrupulous, treacherous, and crafty.

An Chen stood up and looked indifferently at Ran Feng Ge. "I'm sorry you had to remember what I was like before. Since I already found you, I will definitely put you to use!"

"Don't be arrogant!" Ran Feng Ge berated the other. His legs felt weak and he knitted his brows in a frown. As he had dodged the dagger quickly, his wound wasn't very deep. But he was starting to see black in his vision, and his limbs were going limp.

It couldn't be...

"I smeared the dagger with an anesthetic beforehand. So the best strategy for you right now would be to agree to my request." An Chen stepped around the desk, walking over to the wounded man.

A gleam of light flashed in Ran Feng Ge's eyes as he got an idea. He glanced toward the windows; they overlooked the baths of the spa. He kicked his chair over to An Chen, blocking the other's path. As An Chen dodged the incoming chair, Ran Feng Ge ran over to the windows, colliding with them.

Although his movements were slow and his sight blurry, Ran Feng Ge still remembered the appropriate measures to protect himself in the collision.

He covered his head, using his back and elbows to smash through the glass. The sound of breaking glass made the person currently soaking in the bath look up, just in time to see the figure that crashed through the windows.

Due to the anesthetic, the hand Ran Feng Ge was using to cover his wound drooped aside weakly. He felt himself fall with his limbs extended, the wind whistling past his ears.

He hoped the bath was deep enough to save his life.

"Splash—" Ran Feng Ge hit the water. Slowly, he floated up from the bottom. Just as he took a breath, he noticed a huge shadow falling over him.

Ran Feng Ge instinctively gave a punch, but the shadow moved slightly and dodged the blow. His fist fell harmlessly into the water, raising a splash.

Just when the man sat down for a soak, he saw Ran Feng Ge come crashing down. The force of Ran Feng Ge's fall slowed as he sank into the spa. A rush of bubbles escaped from his lungs, racing towards the surface. When Ran Feng Ge's fall finally halted, he had coincidentally floated into the man's arms.

Plumes of red quickly blossomed in the water; the smell of blood filled the air. The mysterious man's gaze froze. His eyes drifted over to Ran Feng Ge's injured side. He quietly cursed, then reached out and pulled the other up from the water.

Ran Feng Ge stared with half-closed eyes at the man before him. His pupils suddenly constricted in recognition, and his heart was seized in shock—it was him!

This couldn't be a coincidence, right?

An Chen stood by the broken windows and looked down at the two men in the bath, a gleeful expression on his face. The plan was a success.

Ran Feng Ge, you refused to act as An Mu to help me form an agreement with Lan Kuang by getting close to him. Since it's come to this, I'll have to do it my way. I'll just have to make Lan Kuang take interest in you, the real you not hiding behind any masks.

I hope you won't disappoint me. Ran Feng Ge... I believe in your charms.

The man who was holding Ran Feng Ge was indeed Lan Kuang. The latter looked up thoughtfully, and gazed at the broken windows on the 20th floor. An Chen turned around just in time and left, leaving behind a mysterious figure.

Lan Kuang narrowed his eyes, but retracted his gaze. He focused on the person in his arms. The face was unfamiliar to him, but those pair of eyes—when he first locked eyes with Ran Feng Ge, he saw something familiar in the other's expression. Moreover, there was that figure by the window...

Hmm, interesting. If someone wanted to play with him, then he would certainly accompany them to the end.

Since a gift had already fallen into his arms, it would be a waste if he didn't enjoy it.

Holding Ran Feng Ge, Lan Kuang stood up and stepped out naked from the pool. He walked towards his room with his gift in arms.

Ran Feng Ge was uncomfortable being held in the other's arms. He wanted to push Lan Kuang away, but his body was powerless. On top of that, his mind felt slightly muddled.

He couldn't resist feeling annoyed. If he had known he would fall into Lan Kuang's arms, even if he died, he wouldn't have jumped out the window.


Next: [Chapter 22 A Familiar Pair of Eyes](#)

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Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: Natas, PiKairi

Chapter 22: A Familiar Pair of Eyes

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-022/

By a giraffe

11/1/2014

Ran Feng Ge decidedly bit down on his tongue. A spark of pain shot through him, jolting his muddled mind. At least now he wouldn't faint from the anesthetic's effect. He forcefully shoved Lan Kuang's shoulder and said, "Sir, please put me down. I can walk by myself."

Traces of blood from his injury were still on his hand. When he pushed against Lan Kuang, he had left a bloody handprint on the latter's shoulder.

Lan Kuang did not stop; he merely looked down at Ran Feng Ge, who was clearly straining himself. After a while, he replied. "In this kind of situation, isn't it normal to call the police and then go to the hospital?"

Ran Feng Ge tensed up on the inside, but maintained a calm expression on his face. "Thanks for the reminder. I will do that." After he spoke, he looked helplessly at the handprint on Lan Kuang's shoulder. He didn't want to push the other again, so he struggled with all his might. "Please put me down!"

Lan Kuang stared at the other for a few seconds, and then finally set Ran Feng Ge down on the floor.

Was he playing hard to get? *Ah... How childish.*

Ran Feng Ge felt a wave of dizziness hit him as his feet touched the floor. The wound on his side was painful, but with the help of the anesthetic, it was tolerable. He couldn't help but thank An Chen for that; otherwise, the pain would be too much for him to bear.

The injured man covered his wound. Although he was on the verge of collapsing, he forcefully straightened himself. Ran Feng Ge earnestly looked at Lan Kuang and said, "I'm sorry I bothered you while you were taking a soak in the bath. Aside from that... You can go back for another soak to wash off the blood on you..."

Lan Kuang watched on humorously as the soaked man in front of him earnestly apologized. After coming into contact with water, the other's wound was bleeding even faster, yet the man appeared to not mind in the least.

When Ran Feng Ge saw the other wasn't replying, he let out a sigh of relief. He had met Lan Kuang two years ago when he was acting as An Mu. The latter was familiar with his personality and way of handling things to some degree. Since Lan Kuang was acting totally indifferent towards him, it meant he could make a safe getaway. Even if he was bleeding more than necessary, it was worth it. It was better than associating with people like Lan Kuang.

Ran Feng Ge slowly turned around and dragged his weak legs towards the elevator. He wondered how he would get home tonight. Right now, he was a terrible mess, leaving a trail of blood and water everywhere he went. It was a no-brainer that he wouldn't be able to hail a taxi. Even if he did manage to flag one, the driver might end up taking him to the police instead of home. Furthermore, he didn't exactly want Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le to see him in this state.

As for An Chen who had brought him here...

Ran Feng Ge smiled wryly and shook his head. Even if An Chen brought him to the hospital, it would probably be another trap waiting for him.

Lan Kuang watched as the injured man patiently bore the pain of his wound and took shaky steps towards the elevator. The other's soaked-through shirt was sticking to his back, faintly revealing the tattoo on his neck. Lan Kuang fixed his eyes on the familiar mark, his expression deepening as he gazed at it.

Just when he opened his mouth to speak, he saw Ran Feng Ge turn around and head back towards him.

Lan Kuang quietly stood in his spot. Even if he was completely naked, not an ounce of embarrassment could be seen on his face. Instead, his expression was one of arrogance, an everything-will-go-my-way, brazen kind of arrogance.

The water that was hanging on Lan Kuang's body mixed with the blood on his shoulder and trailed down his body, making three faint, red lines down his refined collarbone, broad chest, and his prominent six-pack. The lines gathered into one red droplet, stopping just above his groin. The blood had been diluted with water and was light in color. The droplet wavered in its spot, as if undecided whether to fall or stay. The whole picture gave off the feeling of wild, unrestrained beauty.

Lan Kuang watched Ran Feng Ge placidly, waiting for the latter to speak.

"Sir, I'm sorry, but could you lend me a set of clothes to wear?" Ran Feng Ge gave his trademark brilliant smile. Naturally, his smile was weaker than normal, but it was enough to catch Lan Kuang's attention.

"I don't have a reason to lend you any clothes." Lan Kuang glanced over the other from head to toe and said, "Besides, you won't fit in any of my clothes."

"Then forget it." Ran Feng Ge wasn't insistent. He coolly waved his hand in a goodbye and turned to leave.

Lan Kuang rubbed his chin in thought as his eyes followed Ran Feng Ge into the elevator. Why did the other man appear so familiar to him? He desperately searched his memories for a trace of the man. When had he seen him before? That pair of eyes... A pair of eyes that were at times clever, at times quiet, at times reflective, and at times joking...

He felt that he had gotten lost in that pair of eyes before...

When did it happen?

... *An Mu!*

That person's eyes, they were too similar to An Mu's eyes!

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Previous: [Chapter 21 Plotting While Falling into a Beautiful Man's Embrace \(3\)](#)

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Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: PiKairi, Syrra

Chapter 23: Get In! I'll Take You to the Hospital

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-023/

By a giraffe

12/2/2014

His actions faster than his train of thought, by the time Lan Kuang collected himself from his reverie, he was already back in his room and had changed into some clothes. He was holding another set of clothes in his hand, as if he wanted to chase after Ran Feng Ge.

The aforementioned man was currently having difficulty walking, and oh how Ran Feng Ge would've liked to just close his eyes and go to sleep...

Tonight truly had been eventful. Things just kept coming at him one after another, until he had been caught completely unprepared.

If he had known that it would end up like this, then he wouldn't have been so curious. The proverb "curiosity killed the cat" was entirely correct in its warning. If he had just obediently stayed at home and went to sleep, then he wouldn't be stuck in this kind of situation right now.

Firstly, he had been found by An Chen. Getting injured was fine, but he had exposed Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le to potential threats.

Secondly, he had totally been unprepared to come across Lan Kuang. Although the latter hadn't recognized him, he still didn't want to associate with Lan Kuang in any way.

How unlucky! He was truly unlucky!

Ran Feng Ge cursed silently. In the end, it was that iceberg Su Yi Mo's fault. If the latter hadn't given him this accursed job, he would certainly be enjoying a comfortable vacation in Hawaii right now! He wouldn't have stirred up such a hideous mess!

It appeared that he should consider Xi Ran's suggestion—Get a girlfriend, conceal his identity, and go live an ordinary but unrestrained life.

"Beep-beep!" A car horn sounded behind him. Ran Feng Ge turned sideways, his body trembling with the effort. Lan Kuang's royal blue Rolls-Royce Phantom parked in front of him. Lan Kuang gave a toss of his half-wet hair, and let out two demanding words. "Get in!"

Holding his wound, Ran Feng Ge was silent for a moment, but finally opened the door and climbed into the back seat. He soon found that sitting was uncomfortable, and lay down crookedly, not caring whether he would stain the seats with his wet and bloody clothes.

Maybe he had thought of it, but just didn't care enough. If the seats ended up stained, then they were stained. In any case, it was Lan Kuang who told him to get in.

By the time they reached the hospital, Ran Feng Ge's consciousness had mostly faded. In a daze, he felt himself being picked up. Then he heard the sounds of urgent footsteps, the rolling of a stretcher, and the doctor asking Lan Kuang the basic facts of what had happened. He was then hit with the smell of disinfectant. He understood, he had been sent to the emergency room.

During the surgery, Ran Feng Ge blurrily saw that the name tag the lead surgeon was wearing had the words "Ping An Hospital" on it.

Oh... Don't tell me that the An family has some affiliations with this hospital?

It's almost midnight. I won't be able to return to Su Yi Mo's mansion in time, should I come up with a good excuse?

Would Su Yi Mo notice that I had disappeared from the mansion?

Maybe he's accompanying his little lover and indulging in so much pleasure that he had forgotten to go home? Yes, that would be for the best. I can avoid a confrontation then.

Numbly, a torrent of thoughts went through Ran Feng Ge's mind. After the surgery was complete, he was pushed out of the emergency room.

As his bed was rolled through the hallway, he did not see Lan Kuang anywhere. Maybe he had left? Just when Ran Feng Ge was about to close his eyes, he heard a hospital bed being pushed quickly in his direction. When they passed by each other, he heard a familiar voice.

"Xiao Han! You have to hold on! You have to get over this! Xiao Han!"

Unlike his normal icy tone, right now, Su Yi Mo's voice was anxious and emotional, as if he was drowning in love.

Ran Feng Ge couldn't help but smile, it truly was difficult to see another side of that guy. But then, he came to a sudden realization.

Ping An Hospital was where Jing Qiu Han was staying!

Su Yi Mo was there accompanying Jing Qiu Han!

Shit. It would be bad if he was discovered. Ran Feng Ge made to turn away, but it was too late. Their gazes met the moment Su Yi Mo inadvertently lifted his head.

Su Yi Mo's eyes stopped on Ran Feng Ge for a few seconds, but then calmly followed after Jing Qiu Han's hospital bed without skipping a beat.

Ran Feng Ge slowly pulled his eyes away. If Su Yi Mo was pretending to not know him, then they didn't know each other.

Ah, I'm truly unfortunate. Even though I got injured and was sent to the hospital, I have no one to care for me. If it wasn't for him, I would never have provoked that wicked second young master of the An family and Lan Kuang.

Ran Feng Ge closed his eyes and was quietly pushed into a room.

Lan Kuang, who was quietly reclining against the wall around a corner, had seen the whole exchange between Su Yi Mo and Ran Feng Ge earlier.

Su Yi Mo had given the game away so quickly?

That's not fun at all! I had thought that the grand Young Master Su would have a hidden card with him. But he's just the same as me, he wants to use Mr. Handsome.

Lan Kuang smiled, an excited smile, as if he had found his prey.

His smile, though somewhat cruel and callous, was charming nevertheless.

Next: [Chapter 24 Really, I'm Not Short of Money](#)

Previous: [Chapter 22 A Familiar Pair of Eyes](#)

Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: Syrra, Lyrick

Chapter 24: Really, I'm Not Short of Money

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-024/

By a giraffe

1/1/2015

The heavy clouds over Ran Feng Ge's mind gradually cleared and his consciousness returned. Feeling a warm hand on his forehead, he opened his eyes and turned to look. When he saw it was Lan Kuang, who was leaning over his hospital bed and testing his temperature with a hand, he couldn't help but stare in surprise.

"You haven't left yet?"

When he had been pushed out of the operation room earlier, he hadn't seen Lan Kuang around, so he assumed the man had left. It was already overly kind of a VIP like Lan Kuang to take him to the hospital personally. He didn't expect anything else from the man.

So why was it that the first person he saw after waking up was still Lan Kuang?

Did he stay the whole time? Or did he leave for a while and then came back?

"What? You thought I'd left? Is that why you had on such a resentful expression while you were asleep? As if someone owed you money or something?" Lan Kuang did not remove his hand on Ran Feng Ge's forehead. Instead, he rubbed the latter's head in a seemingly intimate way. "I waited outside the operation room for quite a while yesterday, but you still hadn't come out. I was worried that they didn't have enough blood in the blood bank for a transfusion, so I went and asked a nurse. By the time I came back, your operation was already over. You had a fever this morning, so the doctor gave you an injection. Your forehead still feels a little warm. We'll have to take your temperature in a moment. If it's still high, you might have to get another shot."

Ran Feng Ge blinked in surprise at the other's words. He then blinked again. Why did it feel as if Lan Kuang was taking care of a child?

Please, he was a fully grown man. Why would he be afraid of getting a shot?

Getting injured and losing blood was a normal occurrence for him. Not to mention, this time he only had minor injuries and a fever. Even when he had been on the brink of death before, he still managed to survive.

Moreover, since when had the two of them become so familiar with each other?

"Thank you." A torrent of thoughts whirled inside Ran Feng Ge's head. The only words he could think of were those two. He paused for a bit and then continued, "How much was the operation? I'll pay you back later. Oh, also... I'm sorry I dirtied your car. I'll also pay the cleaning fee for it."

When Ran Feng Ge finished, Lan Kuang immediately narrowed his eyes. The expression on his face also darkened.

What is up with this guy? Do I have the face of a loan-shark or something? Why does he talk of nothing besides returning my money?

Ran Feng Ge should be able to tell he wasn't strapped for cash just by looking at his attire and that showy Rolls-Royce he drove.

"Really, I'm not short of money. So you don't have to act like you have to pay me back immediately." Lan Kuang took back his hand. Crossing his arms, he peered sideways at Ran Feng Ge.

"But wouldn't that be inappropriate? After all, we don't even know each other..." Ran Feng Ge gave a mocking laugh. He then loosened his expression and revealed a harmless smile. Internally, however, he was mumbling away to himself.

I know you aren't short of money, but I also know how you really are. So it's best I just obediently return the money. After I leave this hospital we'll each be going our separate ways. You can go back to crossing your narrow log bridge, while I'll keep walking on my wide easy road. We won't come across each other ever again!

"Strangers at first, but friends later. Don't we know each other now?" Lan Kuang pulled a chair over and sat down. He then slowly said, "You look like one of my friends, so it's understandable that I would help you."

"Oh... Is that so?" Ran Feng Ge looked away. The last time he had seen Lan Kuang, he was under the guise of An Mu. Although he knew that, he couldn't help but feel uneasy. He was afraid Lan Kuang would see through him. It would be awful if that happened.

"Yup." Lan Kuang noticed that Ran Feng Ge was avoiding his eyes. A suspicion lit in his heart, and a trace of his wicked personality flickered into existence. He leaned close towards Ran Feng Ge and stared intently into the latter's eyes. He then said while stressing each and every word, "Especially your eyes, they really are similar to his. No, they are exactly the same..."

Next: [Chapter 25: Silent, Awkward Concern](#)

Previous: [Chapter 23: Get In! I'll Take You to the Hospital](#)

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Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: Lyrick, PiKairi

Chapter 25: Silent, Awkward Concern

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-025/

By a giraffe

4/15/2015

"Especially your eyes. They really are similar to his. No, they are exactly the same..."

Ran Feng Ge ordered his thoughts and explained with a smile, "There are many people in this world; it's not strange that a few would look similar."

Lan Kuang said nothing in response. He stood up and looked down at Ran Feng Ge, an ambiguous smile on his face.

The injured man gazed at the bright sky outside the window. He suddenly realized it was already the afternoon. That meant he had been out of the house since the night before. He had run into Su Yi Mo this morning after his surgery, but the fact that he had violated his contract took precedence over that. If he didn't go back and explain the situation to his employer, then he could say goodbye to his thirty million commission fee. He struggled to get up but was pressed back down by Lan Kuang. The latter asked in a strict voice, "What are you doing?"

"I still have stuff to do, so I need to leave." Ran Feng Ge firmly met Lan Kuang's eyes.

"What's more important than taking care of your own body?" Lan Kuang continued to press down on the other's arms, not budging the slightest bit. He raised an eyebrow and continued, "You shouldn't move around with those injuries. Not to mention you still have a fever."

"That's nothing to worry about. I know what my body is capable of. Sir, I'm grateful that you've brought me to the hospital, but I would appreciate it if you would refrain from interfering with my business." Although Ran Feng Ge's voice was feeble, it had quite an imposing manner to it.

Lan Kuang stared at him for a few seconds before slowly releasing his grip. "Do as you like!"

Lan Kuang's lips then turned up in a mysterious smile, but his eyes were cold. "What you said is right. I don't have the right to meddle in your private matters. The medical and car cleaning bills come to around [one hundred thousand yuan](#). I'll give you ten days to bring it to me."

"...Bring it where?"

"You can bring it to where we first met, at the spa." Lan Kuang crisply turned around to leave, not sparing Ran Feng Ge another glance. He quickly left the room, disappearing from Ran Feng Ge's sight.

Ran Feng Ge stared blankly at the spot where Lan Kuang had been, but then retracted his gaze. He pulled out the IV needle that was attached to him and tried to sit up. As expected, his wound protested and sent out a wave of pain. He lightly pressed down on his side and slowly set his feet on the floor.

He immediately felt lightheaded and his temples pounded. Wave after wave of sharp pain hit him. He closed his eyes and stood still for a moment, trying to get used to the pain. Afterwards, he pulled over the set of clothes Lan Kuang had brought him and changed out of his hospital gown.

A thick layer of gauze was wrapped around his abdomen. He could see a faint trace of blood peeking through the gauze.

Ran Feng Ge's expression sharpened and he gritted his teeth. *An Chen, you'd better remember this!*

After pulling out his wallet and phone, he threw his own bloody clothes into the trash can. He then slowly walked out of the hospital ward.

It was a good thing that he had the habit of frequently deleting the messages and records his phone held; even if Lan Kuang had looked through his phone, he wouldn't be able to find anything.

Although he was trying to show off by leaving the hospital this soon, Ran Feng Ge wasn't an idiot. He went to the pharmacy on the 8th floor and bought some IV equipment and a pile of medicine using a prescription he wrote himself. He planned to go back to Su Yi Mo's mansion and nurse himself back to health. If he went by the hospital's procedure, his wound would take a needlessly long time to heal. It looked like learning the art of medicine wasn't a waste of time after all.

Fortunately, Cheng Xi Ran's wallet had a lot of cash in it; there was enough for him to pay for his medications. At that, Ran Feng Ge couldn't help but sigh. *My friend truly is the best. I had just asked for some taxi fee last night, but he gave me his whole wallet.*

Feeling muddle-headed, Ran Feng Ge entered the elevator. He pressed a button and the elevator began to descend.

When the elevator reached the 5th floor, it suddenly stopped and the doors opened. Ran Feng Ge subconsciously looked up and saw Su Yi Mo with his eternally icy face standing outside.

Why did they have to run into each other now? Oh right, Su Yi Mo must've been by Jing Qiu Han's side the whole night and morning. Since it was already two in the afternoon, was he going out to buy something for Jing Qiu Han to eat?

Su Yi Mo didn't seem surprised to see Ran Feng Ge inside the elevator. He didn't even blink at the sight of the latter. He expressionlessly walked inside and stood beside Ran Feng Ge. Not a single wave of emotion could be seen in his eyes.

Ran Feng Ge instinctively tightened his grip on the bag of medical supplies. They both stared directly ahead, each minding their own business. After a while though, Ran Feng Ge felt like he had to say something.

"I—"

In his hesitation, the elevator had already reached the 1st floor. Just when he opened his mouth, the elevator dinged, smothering his voice.

Su Yi Mo didn't take notice of him and instead strode out, walking in the direction of the parking lot.

Ran Feng Ge leaned slightly against the elevator wall and let out a long breath. He then forced a smile and embarrassedly rubbed his nose.

The elevator doors began to close. The injured man came back to his senses and quickly stepped out.

The swift action pulled at his wound and he held onto the elevator's door frame for support. He stood like that for a few minutes before mustering the energy to continue walking.

In contrast to Su Yi Mo's long, quick strides, Ran Feng Ge's pace was as slow as a snail's.

By the time he was finally out of the hospital's lobby, his whole body was covered in sweat. He lifted a sleeve to wipe his face. When he put down his arm, a person suddenly appeared in front of him. Startled, he took a step back. When he saw it was Su Yi Mo, he opened his mouth slightly but didn't know what to say.

Likewise, Su Yi Mo said nothing. His expression didn't change much either. He merely reached out to take the big bag from Ran Feng Ge's hand. He then turned around and walked ahead.

Su Yi Mo's tall, straight, and aloof figure gained a bit of warmth in Ran Feng Ge's eyes.

A grin appeared on Ran Feng Ge's face. He slowly followed after the departing man.

The black Jaguar was parked beside the road. The back door on the left side, which was closest to where Ran Feng Ge was standing, was already open. Su Yi Mo sat in the driver's seat looking straight ahead.

Once Ran Feng Ge had settled into the seat and closed the door, Su Yi Mo started the car up, stepped on the gas pedal, and pulled away from the hospital at an unhurried pace.

A window rolled down on a royal blue Phantom parked nearby. The man sitting inside had a cigarette dangling from his mouth. His lips curled up in a smile at what he'd just witnessed. A thoughtful expression appeared on his face.

◆

Su Yi Mo drove quietly.

He peered into the rear view mirror at Ran Feng Ge who was sitting with his eyes closed and appearing extremely tired. In the end, he swallowed the questions he had wanted to ask.

The car moved forward at a steady pace, ensuring that nothing would jolt Ran Feng Ge and pull at his wound. Half an hour later, the Su mansion came into view.

When he felt the car stop, Ran Feng Ge opened his eyes. He reached out to open the door but before he could even touch it, Su Yi Mo had already opened it from the outside. Ran Feng Ge stared in surprise and softly thanked the other, "Thanks for the trouble."

"You can go in first. I have to park the car in the garage."

The distance from the road to the living room was smaller than the one from the garage. Was that why Su Yi Mo had parked here?

"Thank you."

Ran Feng Ge's feet felt like marshmallows, as if he was walking on a cloud. With great difficulty, he managed to walk to the living room, drenching himself in sweat again in the process. He sat on the couch and leaned against it, not wanting to move again.

After parking the car, Su Yi Mo quickly entered the room. He wrinkled his brows when he saw Ran Feng Ge leaning against the couch. "It's best that you go lie down in your room."

Ran Feng Ge raised an eye and then said weakly, "Let me rest for a moment. I'll go upstairs later."

"Where did you go last night?" Su Yi Mo walked towards the couch and stared down at the injured man. His voice was as cold and detached as ever. "What did you do to become injured like this?"

Ran Feng Ge forcefully lifted his spirits and looked up with a smile. "Do you want to know?" His smile was deliberately infuriating. That guy finally remembered to ask him about last night's events.

Su Yi Mo didn't want to see the other's brilliant smile. He frowned in disgust. "I'm not interested in your personal matters! However, I do have to remind you, you are currently under contract with me. It's best that you refrain from letting your personal matters interfere with your work. Otherwise, I will find someone else. Besides you, there should be many other excellent body doubles in your field. Plus, their prices are fairer than yours."

"I haven't even said anything, so how can you assume it's my personal matters?" Ran Feng Ge retorted resentfully, "I got injured because of you! Strictly speaking, this happened because of your contract. This counts as a work injury. You need to reimburse me."

Su Yi Mo, however, was indifferent. Ran Feng Ge didn't know how the other could remain so apathetic.

"How does that concern me?" Su Yi Mo didn't understand.

Ran Feng Ge pointed at his back. "It's all because of this tattoo of yours."

"Tattoo?" Su Yi Mo expression became serious. "You went to research the tattoo? What did you find?"

"I found out that your little lover comes from pretty big roots." Ran Feng Ge's voice was slightly gloomy. "Have you ever heard of the organization Chasing Hawk?"

"And then?" Su Yi Mo questioned closely.

Ran Feng Ge looked in surprise at the other man. He had originally thought Su Yi Mo wouldn't care about these things. But looking at it now, Su Yi Mo was probably very knowledgeable about the matter.

"And... Your precious little lover belongs to Chasing Hawk. You're familiar enough with the tattoo that you can draw it from memory, so how do you not know where he came from?"

"What you've said is right. Of course I know that Qiu Han had been a member of Chasing Hawk. But he broke away from them seven years ago, and he did it to protect me. So if your plan is to drive a wedge between us, then I'd advise you to stop wasting your time. Also, next time you aren't allowed to research matters about Qiu Han without my permission. Your job is to only act as him and complete a year of his work. Understand?"

"I understand! How can I not?" Ran Feng Ge waved his hand and gave a smile, a smile that carried some bitterness. "Looks like I did more than what is required of me. However, in order to successfully act as Jing Qiu Han, shouldn't I at least have some knowledge of his background? What if the leader of Chasing Hawk suddenly comes around? I'm acting as Jing Qiu Han, a former subordinate of his; I can't pretend he's a stranger. Wouldn't that blow my cover? If that happens, wouldn't your lover be in danger? Don't you agree?"

At that moment, Ran Feng Ge stood up slowly. His complexion was becoming increasingly pale, but he still managed a faint smile. "Remember to pay my medical bills, Boss. It's two hundred thousand in total."

He had wasted his time doing a difficult and thankless task. If he didn't at least take some advantage of Su Yi Mo's wealth, then he would be a big fool.

When he reached the stairs, his eyesight went black. His legs buckled and he pitched forward.

Su Yi Mo quickly walked up and caught him before he crashed into the stairs.

Ran Feng Ge pushed the other away with a hand. "I can walk by myself. You only need to help me bring up that bag of medications."

Su Yi Mo said nothing in response, though his expression tightened. He picked up Ran Feng Ge and wordlessly began to climb the stairs.

Ran Feng Ge was shocked by Su Yi Mo's action and instinctively grabbed onto the latter's clothes. The dizziness in his head was becoming stronger. He couldn't help but close his eyes.

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Previous: [Chapter 24: Really, I'm Not Short of Money](#)

Return: [Main Page](#)

Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Lyrick, PiKairi

Chapter 26: Personally Wiping Down His Body

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-026/

By a giraffe

4/15/2015

Su Yi Mo brought Ran Feng Ge to his room on the second floor, then went back down for the big bag of medicine sitting on the coffee table.

Looking at the bag, Su Yi Mo couldn't help but think, was it... because of his contract that Ran Feng Ge had left the hospital in such a hurry?

And because of a mysterious tattoo, he had even gone out to investigate Jing Qiu Han's background. Ran Feng Ge did say that it was part of his preparations as a body double, but wouldn't it have been better if he had just directly asked Su Yi Mo himself instead?

Should he put it off as Ran Feng Ge being dedicated to his work, or was it that he was bored and thus wanted something to do?

Su Yi Mo shook his head to clear his thoughts and climbed the final step of the stairs.

He walked down to the room at the end of the hall, which was serving as Ran Feng Ge's temporary room. The injured man was lying on the bed with his eyes closed. One arm lay across his forehead, his breathing somewhat rushed.

Hearing Su Yi Mo's footsteps, Ran Feng Ge opened his eyes and attempted to push himself up using an elbow.

Su Yi Mo quickly walked over and stopped him. "Just tell me how you want me to use these things."

Ran Feng Ge raised his eyes and glanced at him, giving a slight smile. "You know how to set up an IV?"

That question truly stumped Su Yi Mo.

As he stared blankly at Ran Feng Ge, the latter took the big plastic bag from his hands. From the bag, Ran Feng Ge took out rubbing alcohol, an IV bottle, an IV needle and tubing, cotton swabs, and a series of other things. His quick hands swiftly connected the tubing to the IV bottle. He then handed the bottle to Su Yi Mo. "Help me hold this and put it up high."

Su Yi Mo accepted the bottle and did as he was told. He watched as Ran Feng Ge dipped a cotton swab in rubbing alcohol and used it to wipe the back of his left hand clean. Ran Feng Ge then formed a tight fist, highlighting the veins on his hand. Then, without blinking, he picked up the IV needle and inserted it into a vein.

"You've studied medicine before?" Su Yi Mo asked quietly, having watched this series of actions.

"Yup. The field I'm most knowledgeable in is traditional Chinese medicine, with a focus on poison and how to make antidotes and detoxify the body. I only have superficial knowledge on western medicine." Ran Feng Ge responded to the question in a deadpan voice, but he was secretly smiling on the inside.

"Poisons and antidotes?" Su Yi Mo was shocked; he frowned and then asked, "You guys use poison?"

"No, we aren't the ones who use poison. We have to learn how to make antidotes in the case that we are poisoned ourselves. Did you think it was easy to be a body double? We might drop dead at any given moment. How would we live if we don't learn a wide variety of things?" Ran Feng Ge pressed down on the needle in his hand. He let out an annoyed sigh; he had forgotten to rip off a piece of tape earlier.

Su Yi Mo noticed the problem and reached out a hand. "I'll help you press it down. You can go look for the tape."

Accepting the offer, Ran Feng Ge released his hand. Su Yi Mo moved in and used two fingers to hold the needle down. Through his fingers, he felt that Ran Feng Ge's skin was somewhat feverish. He looked up and noticed that the other's face was flushed red, and that his eyes were dull and listless.

It looks like a fever induced by his injuries.

Ran Feng Ge did not notice that Su Yi Mo was staring at him. His head was lowered and he was currently searching through the bag for tape. After rummaging around, he finally pulled out a roll of white medical tape. He used his teeth to pull free a strip and used his teeth again to rip it off. Then he stuck the strip of tape on the back of his hand, holding the needle in place.

"You can let go." Just when Ran Feng Ge was about to pull his hand back, Su Yi Mo reached out and stopped him. "Wait, you should stick on two more pieces. Just one isn't enough to hold the needle in place."

Like Ran Feng Ge, Su Yi Mo used his teeth and tore off a piece of tape. He stuck it beside the other piece. After doing this one more time, he put down the roll of tape.

"Did you buy any fever medicine?" Su Yi Mo looked through the plastic bag.

"The IV drip has antipyretics in it. I'm going to sleep. You can do whatever," Ran Feng Ge said tiredly. He then lay back on the bed and closed his eyes. Muddleheaded, he quickly fell asleep, not hearing Su Yi Mo's reply.

Su Yi Mo looked at the other's sweat-soaked shirt and the blood tainted bandages that were peeking through. He set the IV bottle down on a tall desk and walked downstairs to the bathroom. He then filled a small tub with warm water, grabbed some fresh towels, and walked back upstairs.

He unbuttoned Ran Feng Ge's shirt, but discovered he couldn't take it off as the latter's left hand was attached to the IV. After thinking for a bit, Su Yi Mo decided to just simply rip the shirt off, leaving the left arm on.

He soaked a towel in the warm water and wrung it dry. Using it, he wiped away the sweat on Ran Feng Ge's body little by little. In some places though, light traces of blood still remained.

Although he had said he would never pry into the other's private business, Ran Feng Ge was still someone under his employ. What would he do if Ran Feng Ge suddenly dropped dead because he had left him alone?

Finished with wiping down Ran Feng Ge's upper body, Su Yi Mo's hand paused near the injured man's belt. What should he do about below?

Forget it; he had never personally wiped down Qiu Han's body before. He was being too lenient with this fellow.

Su Yi Mo glanced at the layer of gauze wrapped around Ran Feng Ge's middle and sighed. He would change the gauze, but wouldn't do anything about below.

Peeling aside the gauze, Su Yi Mo discovered that the other's wound had been caused by a blade. The stab wound wasn't very deep, but Ran Feng Ge had refused to lie obediently on the hospital bed and kept moving around, thus the wound still hadn't fused yet.

It would probably be alright if he rested for a few days at home.

After changing Ran Feng Ge's bandage, Su Yi Mo drew the blankets over the injured man. Carrying the tub of bloody water, he prepared to walk downstairs.

At that moment, he heard a phone vibrate.

It wasn't his phone.

Su Yi Mo paused and turned his head to look at the pocket on Ran Feng Ge's pants. He hesitated for a bit, but finally turned around. He put down the tub and pulled out Ran Feng Ge's phone. It was an unknown number. At least, that was what the phone displayed it as.

As if something had overtaken him, unfathomably, Su Yi Mo pressed "Answer."

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Syrra, Natas

Chapter 27: Not Allowed to Bother Him Anymore

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-027/

By a giraffe

5/15/2015

"Hi, my dear. You aren't dead, right?"

The minute the call connected, Su Yi Mo heard a vicious yet charming voice ask him that question.

His brows instinctively furrowed in response, but he remained silent.

Noticing that he wasn't going to reply, the other side continued, "Have you reconsidered my job offer?"

Su Yi Mo fixed his eyes on the currently sleeping Ran Feng Ge. There were others who wanted to employ him?

That's understandable. He is the golden body double after all. Since he has such a high reputation, the amount of people seeking his skills couldn't be small. But it seems like the person who's currently calling didn't manage to get him to accept the job.

"I apologize for injuring you, but I really want you for this job. All in all, we've been friends for two years, so don't reject me so quickly, alright? Anyways, aren't you the golden body double? Playing two different roles at the same time should be easy for you! The only thing we have to make sure of is that there aren't any time conflicts with your other job. Though if you insist on taking only one job at a time, why don't you just drop your current one? I'll help you pay the penalty fee. I promise. Money isn't a problem for me." On the other end of the call, An Chen was currently relaxing on a recliner at a golf course. He narrowed his eyes slightly and looked over at a tall figure playing a game nearby. His eyes had an exposed expression in them, giving off a sense of danger and indescribable possessiveness.

"Why aren't you replying?" The only thing An Chen heard coming from his phone was the sound of breathing. Even after a long while, the other side remained silent. An Chen sat up straight and asked doubtfully, "Are you actually angry with me? I was already lenient with you back then. Your reaction was simply too slow. Besides, the wound isn't all that deep..."

Su Yi Mo soon arrived at a few conclusions from the other's monologue.

One: There were other employers seeking Ran Feng Ge's skills.

Two: Ran Feng Ge had rejected this employer's offer.

Three: Ran Feng Ge's injury had been caused by this employer.

Four: The two already knew each other, which was why Ran Feng Ge was unprepared to guard against an attack.

"Alright, I'll pay your medical fees as well. I'll get someone to transfer the money to your bank account right now. You are still using the same account, right? Is a hundred thousand enough? Forget it, I'll give you two hundred thousand. You can take it as my deposit for this job. Please just accept my offer! Who's your current employer? Tell me his contact information; I'll have a talk with him personally."

"Feng Ge? Feng Ge?"

An Chen brought his phone up to his face and looked at the screen. He hadn't dialed the wrong number. Ran Feng Ge was definitely using this one. So why hadn't he replied yet?

Just when he was about to end the call and redial, the other side finally responded, but the speaker wasn't Ran Feng Ge.

"Money can't buy you everything in this world. Not to mention, you've even injured him."

The dignified voice carried a hint of iciness in it. Its arrogance also carried a trace of disdain.

The feeling the voice gave off was similar to Lan Kuang's overbearing, insufferable arrogance. However, An Chen was certain the person at the end of the line wasn't Lan Kuang.

"Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. I'll only tell you one thing: It's impossible for you to employ him! You can just give up on that idea! Also, you are *not* allowed to bother him anymore in the future!"

"That... I'm afraid I can't make any promises on that." An Chen lifted his mouth in a wicked smile.

Alright, that Ran Feng Ge, so he managed to find a backer...

"Try and see what happens," Su Yi Mo replied frostily and cut off the call.

"Just wait—" *and see who is right.*

An Chen stared at his phone, his mouth hanging open. He hadn't even finished speaking when the other side hung up on him. The anger that was building up in him had nowhere to go. How incredibly irritating.

He forcefully threw his phone down on the grass, but that wasn't enough to calm him down. He leaned back and lifted a leg, violently kicking the table in front of him, turning it over. He cursed, "Damn it!"

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Previous: [Chapter 26: Personally Wiping Down His Body](#)

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Syrra, Natas

Chapter 28: An Interest...One Shouldn't Have

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-028/

By a giraffe

5/15/2015

"Who angered our second young master?" The tall figure had unknowingly come closer and was currently staring down gently at An Chen. The figure then bent over and picked up the phone that had been thrown on the grass.

An Chen's expression quickly changed to an amiable one. He stood up and called out lovably, "Big Brother..."

"You need to learn to control that temper of yours. You're always throwing things around when you're angry. Tell me, how many phones have you broken up till now?" An Mu turned the phone around in his hand, examining it. He then handed it back to An Chen. "It's a good thing this phone is sturdy; otherwise we won't have enough phones for you to break."

"I won't do it next time," An Chen replied earnestly. He stowed the phone in his pocket and pulled An Mu toward the golf field. "Brother, let's continue playing!"

An Mu looked at him helplessly. "I was thirsty, so I came over for a drink."

However, An Chen had just sent the table flying. How would he get a drink now? His throat felt like it was on fire, yet An Chen was pulling him to the field for another game. An Mu sighed and resigned himself to his fate.

An Chen paused in his steps and instead pulled An Mu towards the exit. "Then we don't have to play. Let's leave."

"Forget it. I'll play a game with you," An Mu replied good-naturedly.

An Chen thought for a bit, but shook his head nonetheless. "No, it's fine. There's always a next time. Aren't you thirsty? Let's go and buy some Häagen-Dazs."

Häagen-Dazs...

An Mu stared blankly at his younger brother. An Chen was already this old, yet he was still acting like a little kid, inviting him out to eat kid-food. Moreover, ice cream wouldn't quench thirst at all...

Truly... An Mu was speechless.

Holding An Mu's hand, An Chen walked in front. His brother's hand was slightly sweaty from playing golf. An Chen's lips lifted slightly in a smile at that, but his eyes were dim. *When would Brother realize my feelings for him?*

But it didn't matter all that much. Even if An Mu didn't understand, he would slowly make him understand.

Lan Kuang could never take his brother away from him.

Whatever he wanted, he would find a way to obtain them. That was An Chen's personality. Moreover, there weren't any conflicts between his desire for An Mu and his other interest: He wanted the An family's everything.

Including An Mu!

Perhaps the scariest people in the world were the most ambitious ones.

Because of the incident two years ago, An Chen had come to realize that the reason he competed so much with his brother was that unwittingly, his gentle and wise elder brother had taken first place in his heart. However, An Mu kept his distance from him. Even though An Mu treated him gently, it was only because they were brothers. An Chen couldn't help but feel vexed at that revelation.

When he'd recently heard that Lan Kuang was interested in An Mu, he became even more worried. He mulled over all sorts of ideas before contacting Ran Feng Ge in an attempt to distract Lan Kuang with Ran Feng Ge's version of "An Mu."

Who knew he'd come across an obstacle: Somebody else had already commissioned Ran Feng Ge for a job.

Judging from the voice he'd heard on the phone, that person...didn't sound like someone to provoke.

Even then, why does that matter? Whatever I want, I will obtain!

We'll see how this goes!

◆

Su Yi Mo hung up and turned to look at Ran Feng Ge with a complicated expression on his face.

A body double's past... What is that like?

Do they always have to live under the shadows of the person they're standing in for? Like how actors always have to play the role of another person?

Ran Feng Ge's face was tranquil in sleep. Besides a somewhat rushed breathing, his face was an impassive mask. The only thing that could be inferred from his expression was that he currently felt out of harm's way.

Right now, is this his true self?

He can skillfully and easily transform into Qiu Han. In another instant, he can become someone totally different. Does that mean there are a thousand varieties to his personality too?

At times lively and bright? At times gentle and quiet? And at times cold and arrogant?

Exactly what was his true self? Or are these all aspects of his true self? All sorts of personality traits have been incorporated into his own... Besides the title of "Golden Body Double," shouldn't he also be called the body double with a thousand faces?

When he came back to himself, Su Yi Mo realized he had been staring at Ran Feng Ge for quite a while.

He abruptly turned away and slipped the phone back into Ran Feng Ge's pocket. He then left the room with quick steps.

Damn it! Why was he curious about a body double he had simply hired for a job?

Ran Feng Ge could be whatever he wanted to be. Even if the man had numerous personalities and secrets, Su Yi Mo shouldn't have developed an interest in him!

The reason he was like this was definitely because he felt Ran Feng Ge's injury was caused by himself and Jing Qiu Han. After all, it wasn't his habit to pull an unrelated person into his personal business. This time, however, he had involved Jing Qiu Han and had almost gotten the latter killed. As a last resort, Su Yi Mo had hired a body double.

After all, body doubles were professionals. They were skilled in martial arts and could adapt to any situation that was thrown at them. Even if they encountered danger, they could come out intact.

In the end, the only thing body doubles were after was money...

The person on the phone had mentioned that he would make a deposit in Ran Feng Ge's bank account.

Ran Feng Ge had already accepted his job, so he shouldn't be going around and meeting other employers.

However, from the other person's words, Ran Feng Ge had probably rejected the offer...and got injured because of that.

Right, it was definitely because of his guilty conscience that he was interested in Ran Feng Ge. And, it was definitely because of his guilty conscience that he had decided to wipe down the other's body...

In the shower, Su Yi Mo soaked his head in the stream of cold water and nipped the tiny bud of interest that had sprouted in his mind.

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: PiKairi, Natas

Chapter 29: Professionals Just Aren't the Same

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-029/

By a giraffe

7/1/2015

Ten days later.

Ran Feng Ge's wound had already started to heal. It wouldn't hinder him too much as long as he didn't perform any strenuous exercises.

When he saw Ran Feng Ge's condition a few days ago, Su Yi Mo had wanted to cancel the press conference they set for today. After nipping the tiny bud of interest he had developed for the man, however, Su Yi Mo decided to continue as planned.

He had no reason to accommodate or pay special attention to Ran Feng Ge.

After getting up early in the morning, Ran Feng Ge was busy preparing in the bathroom.

A pile of brightly colored jars and bottles were placed on the vanity. Ran Feng Ge's nimble fingers dipped in and out of them, collecting the materials to make the mask he needed for today's conference. A serious expression was on his face as he concentrated on his task, making him extremely attractive.

When Su Yi Mo stepped into the bathroom to check on Ran Feng Ge, he was faced with this exact scene. As he had already mentally prepared himself, he managed to restrain himself from staring this time. He quickly looked away and asked idly, "Are you ready yet?"

Ran Feng Ge picked up the thin mask he had just made and looked into the mirror as he plastered it on. "I'm about done, just give me another minute."

"All you're doing is plastering it on? What if you start sweating or if someone bumps into you? Won't the mask fall off?" Su Yi Mo leaned against the doorframe and asked curiously.

Ran Feng Ge answered while smearing something around his jawline, "It won't. The mask won't fall off even if someone punches me. I'm a professional, remember?"

Su Yi Mo didn't respond and merely looked on as Ran Feng Ge walked out of the bathroom with a different face. The air about him had also changed into that of Jing Qiu Han's. *He really is a professional*, Su Yi Mo wondered to himself in concealed awe.

Noticing that Su Yi Mo was silent, Ran Feng Ge walked up with a sly smile. "If you aren't convinced, then do you want to try? Why don't you punch this face and see whether the mask falls off?"

Ran Feng Ge knew Su Yi Mo wouldn't punch a man wearing his lover's face. It would be strange if he did.

As expected, Su Yi Mo's expression froze and he turned away. "If you're finished then we're leaving!"

At the other's response, Ran Feng Ge's smile became even more gleeful. He followed after Su Yi Mo. As he was still recovering, his movements were a bit sluggish. By the time he finally left the house, Su Yi Mo had already driven the car out of the garage.

At this, Ran Feng Ge asked inquisitively, "Where's my car?"

Jing Qiu Han was a popular actor and the lover of a company head. How could he not have a car? Ran Feng Ge hadn't driven in quite a while, so he was itching to set his hands on the wheel.

"Your car is still at the company, so I'll take you there. After the press conference is over, if you want, you can drive yourself back." Su Yi Mo stared blankly at the other for a moment before he replied. He still wasn't accustomed to Ran Feng Ge's habit of suddenly changing voices.

"Alright, I'll do as you say." Ran Feng Ge opened the door to the passenger's side and climbed in.

Su Yi Mo opened his mouth to ask why Ran Feng Ge wasn't sitting in the backseat, but stopped himself before he could. On second thought, as Ran Feng Ge was pretending to be Jing Qiu Han, it was obviously more appropriate for him to sit in the passenger's side.

The two of them sat there in the car, but Su Yi Mo still hadn't left the driveway.

Ran Feng Ge turned to look at him. "Why aren't you driving?"

"Your seatbelt," Su Yi Mo reminded the other in a succinct manner.

Even at the reminder, Ran Feng Ge didn't move. Rather, he asked cooly, "Ah Mo, why don't you help me put it on?"

Su Yi Mo's expression darkened and he abruptly turned to look at Ran Feng Ge. What he saw instead was the pale face of a recovering Jing Qiu Han. It displeased him greatly, but he finally sighed.

Su Yi Mo had almost forgotten that Ran Feng Ge was playing as Jing Qiu Han, and that they had to keep this act up for a year.

As expected, he wasn't as good as a professional body double. Ran Feng Ge could switch in and out of character anytime, anywhere. He wasn't capable of doing that.

Leaning sideways, Su Yi Mo pulled Ran Feng Ge's seatbelt over and buckled it in. As he was doing so, he was met with the sight of Ran Feng Ge's slim waistline. He couldn't resist asking, "Does your wound still hurt?"

Was that question directed at Jing Qiu Han or Ran Feng Ge?

Neither of them knew the answer.

However, Ran Feng Ge smiled and replied, "It's much better now."

After that exchange, both of them fell silent the rest of the way.

Su Yi Mo focused on driving, while Ran Feng Ge leaned back into his seat, pretending to be asleep.

Pretense soon turned into reality. When they finally reached the Huanyu Building, Ran Feng Ge was sitting crooked in his seat, fast asleep.

"Qiu Han, we've arrived." Su Yi Mo pushed his shoulder gently, waking him up.

Ran Feng Ge yawned and rubbed his eyes. While he was doing so, Su Yi Mo leaned over and unbuckled his seatbelt for him. Su Yi Mo then got out, walked around, and opened the door to the passenger's seat. Peering in at Ran Feng Ge, Su Yi Mo said, "Let's go."

After Ran Feng Ge got out, a valet came over and drove Su Yi Mo's car to the underground parking lot. Standing next to Su Yi Mo, Ran Feng Ge lifted his head and glanced up at the towering skyscraper in front of him. Slowly, he let out a long breath.

Luckily, he had come prepared. Faced with such a large venue though, he still felt a bit out of place.

The red carpet from the building's door extended all the way to where they stood. Stepping up the stairs and into the building, Ran Feng Ge was met with the sight of a lavish and majestic hall. The VIP elevator leading up to the auditorium on the 10th floor was already open and waiting for them. The reporters who had arrived at the same time as them couldn't resist and pulled out their cameras, capturing the two's each and every move, even though they could take all the pictures they wanted in the press conference later.

After entering the elevator, they finally had a moment of peace.

Su Yi Mo glanced at Ran Feng Ge, who appeared unperturbed by the numerous reporters. He suddenly moved in front of the body double and reached out.

Ran Feng Ge unconsciously took a step backwards. When he saw that Su Yi Mo was reaching for his tie, he smiled and said, "Thanks."

In pretend intimacy, Su Yi Mo fixed the other's crooked tie. In a low voice, he asked indulgently, "Are you ready for this?"

"Yes, no problems on my side!"

Ran Feng Ge had always been practical and realistic. The things he could do he always accomplished to a degree of perfection.

Therefore, if he declared that there weren't any problems, then Su Yi Mo could take his word for it.

Ran Feng Ge maintained a perfect smile and natural expression throughout the press conference. His low voiced carried a hint of weakness caused by his injury. His answers were ambiguous, but he was quick-witted and did not miss out on the opportunity to urge his fans to continue supporting him. Furthermore, he sincerely apologized for holding back the filming for his various shows due to his injury. Then, he openly admitted to being in a relationship with Su Yi Mo, but emphasized that his sexuality would not interfere with his acting. He added that if his female fans had their dreams shattered due to the news of his relationship, then he would take responsibility and help weave a new dream for them.

Unexpectedly, the drastic measures he took during the press conference won him the understanding of his fans. The president of his fan-club who represented all of his fans even made a speech saying that they sincerely wished for Jing Qiu Han's happiness from the bottom of their hearts. They also hoped that he would continue to bring forth good works and share them with the world. The fan-club president then playfully warned Su Yi Mo to treat their idol well.

Afterwards, Su Yi Mo took over the conference and spoke about the company's plans for the future and the filming progress on various highly anticipated TV dramas and movies.

Ran Feng Ge finally relaxed and lazily leaned back in his seat. His face was becoming increasingly pale and he was starting to feel lethargic. Calmly, he moved his right hand to cover the wound on his abdomen. Since the table in front of him served as a cover, the reporters and his fans still hadn't discovered his condition.

Su Yi Mo, however, was sitting closest to him and immediately noticed. He knew Ran Feng Ge was feeling tired. Ten days of rest simply had not been enough. Even if the wound wasn't deep, it was impossible for it to completely heal in such a short span of time.

Fortunately, at the moment, Jing Qiu Han was supposedly still recovering from his injuries. Even if other people noticed that Ran Feng Ge was acting sluggish and that his hand was covering his abdomen, they wouldn't think too much of it.

Despite that thought, Su Yi Mo sped up his speech, wanting to quickly end the press conference.

At that moment, Ran Feng Ge's phone vibrated in his pocket. He pulled it out and looked at the unknown number reflected on the screen. Unhesitatingly, he rejected the call.

Not long after, his phone notified him of a text message.

I've already transferred the money to your account.

Ran Feng Ge raised an eyebrow in confusion. His long fingers quickly tapped the screen and sent a reply.

What money?

He didn't get an immediate reply; the other side seemed to be considering how to respond. After a while, he received another text.

Medical fees.

Medical fees? Ran Feng Ge's first thought was that it was the work injury compensation Su Yi Mo owed him. However, the man in question was currently sitting beside him. Moreover, Su Yi Mo wasn't this generous, so it most likely wasn't him. Then who was it?

After thinking a bit, Ran Feng Ge smiled and relaxed his furrowed brows.

An Chen?

An Chen smiled when he saw his name. This time, Ran Feng Ge himself was replying to him. He quickly tapped out a reply.

How smart! Want to eat out sometime? My treat!

Ran Feng Ge switched to an even lazier position and tapped on the keyboard.

I'll accept the medical fees. As for eating out, I'm not interested.

An Chen wasn't surprised at the other's response, but he didn't give up.

Don't be like this! I've already apologized to you. Or...if you have conditions, then just mention them. I'll do anything you want.

Ran Feng Ge sat straight up and stared down at his phone.

Then you can wait until I think of some conditions.

Pleased with that response, An Chen's mouth lifted in a smile.

Alright, then I hope you can come up with them soon. I'll wait for your good news!

Ran Feng Ge didn't answer, he merely locked his phone and put it back in his pocket. Not long after, it vibrated again. He pulled it out and looked at the screen.

Right, I have something else to tell you. I called you a few days ago but someone else picked up. You have to be careful. That employer of yours probably doesn't trust you completely. If he's picking up your calls, then it means he's guarding against you. He's low for taking advantage of you while you're injured.

Su Yi Mo had secretly picked up his calls?

Ran Feng Ge turned his head to look at Su Yi Mo. Coincidentally, the other also glanced towards him. The only difference was that instead of being expressionless, Su Yi Mo's eyes were brimming with love. When he noticed that Ran Feng Ge was looking at his phone, however, his eyes darkened slightly.

Damn it. When Su Yi Mo had accepted An Chen's call a few days ago, he had forgotten to delete the record.

Sure enough, when Ran Feng Ge looked through his call log, he noticed that he had received a call from An Chen's number. The time was...ten days ago.

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: PiKairi, XiaoSeiran

Chapter 30: Successful Deception

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-030/

By a giraffe

7/1/2015

The press conference closed under a sea of flashing camera lights.

Su Yi Mo stood up first and walked to Ran Feng Ge's side to support him. His natural movements elicited delighted screams and clapping from the fans.

Ran Feng Ge then blew his fans a kiss, drawing louder screams from the crowd.

Su Yi Mo's expression did a flip. He quickly pulled the injured man out of the auditorium and towards the VIP elevator.

Su Yi Mo's actions weren't over-the-top, as the fans assumed that he was merely jealous of the kiss. The fans smiled at the thought.

After following Su Yi Mo into the elevator, Ran Feng Ge smiled at his own reflection in the mirror.

Su Yi Mo pulled him to a corner and encircled him in a hug. Suddenly standing close together, Ran Feng Ge could feel the other's breath and low voice by his ear. People who didn't know better probably thought that they were flirting. In reality, Su Yi Mo had asked him a question, "He called you again?"

"He? Which he?" Ran Feng Ge answered with his own question.

This guy, doesn't he think too highly of himself? He secretly accepted one of my calls and now he's interrogating me for it!

"Stop pretending. You know who I'm talking about." Su Yi Mo cupped Ran Feng Ge's cheek, gazing deeply at him. Only the two of them knew, however, that Su Yi Mo's look wasn't one of love but a warning.

Su Yi Mo fixed his gaze on the other's slightly pale lips, but he didn't make a move. Ran Feng Ge took the first step and leaned in to kiss Su Yi Mo, though it was more of a bite than a kiss.

Su Yi Mo was astonished for a second, but he soon regained his senses and initiated a counterattack of his own. Not to be outdone, Ran Feng Ge doubled his efforts. The two of them battled with their lips and tongues for quite a while before releasing each other.

While Ran Feng Ge was gasping for air, he heard Su Yi Mo quietly say, "Since you've already accepted my job, then you should devote yourself to it!"

"I don't need you to remind me!" Ran Feng Ge rolled his eyes at the man before him. Just as he was about to continue, the elevator dinged. Ran Feng Ge quickly fixed his wrinkled shirt and bowed his head shyly, transforming into a Jing Qiu Han who had just been kissed forcefully.

Even while arguing, the two managed to put on a perfect act, fooling everyone else around them.

As Jing Qiu Han was still recovering from his heavy injuries, they didn't need to check in at the company office right away. Instead, the two of them headed towards the underground garage.

"Why don't you drive your car back another day?" Su Yi Mo paused briefly beside a white BMW, indicating to Ran Feng Ge that it was Jing Qiu Han's car.

Ran Feng Ge understood what Su Yi Mo was hinting at, but he did not act according to the script that the man had laid out. He stopped in front of the BMW and smiled enticingly at Su Yi Mo. "But I haven't held the wheel in a long time, so I want to drive home this time. Besides, driving only requires me to sit in the car; I won't be doing anything strenuous."

"Alright." After hearing Ran Feng Ge's response, Su Yi Mo opened the passenger's door and got in the BMW. "You can drive, I'll just sit."

Uh... Ran Feng Ge was surprised for a moment. When he saw Su Yi Mo's questioning gaze, he pointed towards the Jaguar parked nearby. "I want to drive that one."

Faced with "Jing Qiu Han's" longing eyes, Su Yi Mo naturally conceded.

Sitting in the driver's seat of the Jaguar, Ran Feng Ge appeared extremely excited.

A good car is simply on another level! Just sitting here feels fantastic! Someday, I'll buy my own. It'll surely look awesome on the road!

Even after they arrived at home, Ran Feng Ge was still deep in the happiness of having driven the Jaguar. When Su Yi Mo came in with a bag of medications and reminded him to change his bandage, he finally remembered that he had a date with Lan Kuang today.

Even though it was a "date," he was only going to return the medical fees that Lan Kuang had paid for him.

Paying back Lan Kuang would be easy as he had a lot of savings. Plus, An Chen had just transferred a large amount of money into his bank account. There was also the work injury compensation Su Yi Mo had yet to pay him. He had more than enough to pay Lan Kuang back.

"I can do it myself." He wasn't used to being waited on by an iceberg like Su Yi Mo and accepted the new roll of gauze from the expressionless man.

Su Yi Mo didn't object and merely stood off to the side as Ran Feng Ge took off his shirt, revealing his light honey-colored skin. He saw that Ran Feng Ge's chest and abdomen still had the scars belonging to Jing Qiu Han, though they had been slightly altered from before. He didn't know what Ran Feng Ge had used to cover up his own wound, as he didn't see any traces of it at all.

Su Yi Mo paused when he realized he was staring and slowly moved his eyes away from Ran Feng Ge. "You still have a month of rest. After that, you'll have to report in at the company and take over Qiu Han's ongoing work."

"Okay, I understand." Ran Feng Ge used a clean cloth that had been dipped in a special fluid and wiped the skin around his own wound. After a few wipes, the covering dissolved, revealing his skin underneath. The skin around the shallow wound appeared pink. As Ran Feng Ge had been resting fitfully for the past few days, the wound still flushed an angry red where it joined together. He quickly pulled out the correct ointment and applied it to the wound. Afterwards, he stuck an extra-large band aid on his abdomen.

Ran Feng Ge cleaned everything up and grabbed his shirt to put it on. Su Yi Mo, however, stopped him with a hand.

"What is it?"

"The tattoo on your back looks kind of faded. Do you want me to redraw it for you?"

"Alright," Ran Feng Ge answered readily.

While Su Yi Mo was busy redrawing the tattoo, Ran Feng Ge probed a question, "Do I have any holidays lined up at the moment?"

"You have something you want to do?" Su Yi Mo was reminded of the ill-mannered client he had spoken to on the phone and how Ran Feng Ge had been playing around with his phone during the press conference. A somewhat displeased expression came over his face.

Was Ran Feng Ge planning to accept the other man's job offer?

"It's nothing big." Ran Feng Ge immediately understood what the other was thinking and explained, "After I had been injured, someone went out of their way to take me to the hospital. I've arranged to meet with him today... Not for anything big, just to return his money."

"Since you've already arranged to meet, wouldn't it be harsh for me to disapprove?" Su Yi Mo replied with his eyes lowered, his hand carefully retracing the goshawk on Ran Feng Ge's back.

"Really? Thanks, Boss!" Ran Feng Ge smiled happily.

I can take advantage of this and return Xi Ran's wallet too.

Su Yi Mo didn't respond, but concentrated on redrawing the last wing of the goshawk.

"Can I borrow a car?" Ran Feng Ge asked greedily.

When they'd returned home and he saw the cars lined up in the garage, his eyes had grown red with lust.

"The keys are in a flowerpot, underneath the fifth step of the stairs in the garage. You can go pick one yourself," Su Yi Mo replied lightly.

Ran Feng Ge's mind worked over the normally stingy man's reply. Why was Su Yi Mo so easy to talk to today? But he didn't forget to express his gratitude, "Thanks a lot!"

"Don't be too flashy," Su Yi Mo warned. He then lifted his hand, the tattoo finished, and stood up.

"Yes sir!" Ran Feng Ge turned around and saluted the other. He pulled out the dummy he had made the last time he went out and placed it on the bed. He then removed the mask from his face and stuck it onto the dummy. He tinkered with it a bit and voila, a passable dummy of Jing Qiu Han lay on the bed.

It was fortunate he had a dummy to substitute for him. His act wouldn't be exposed even if something were to happen.

Ran Feng Ge picked up both his and Cheng Xi Ran's wallets and changed into a different outfit. He then hesitantly opened his mouth, "Oh right... Boss..."

"What is it?"

"My work injury compensation... When will I receive it?" asked Ran Feng Ge daringly.

"Work injury compensation?" Su Yi Mo lifted an eyebrow at his question. "What work injury compensation?"

"Obviously the medical fees for my injury!" Ran Feng Ge deadpanned.

Su Yi Mo smirked in response. Acting like the matter was unrelated to him, he answered, "That's your personal matter. What does it have to do with me?"

"You!" Ran Feng Ge muttered away inside his head. *Who's the one that prohibited me from researching matters about Jing Qiu Han? This injury had been caused by Jing Qiu Han's tattoo, so how does it count as my personal matter?*

"Besides, hasn't someone already paid the bill for you?" Su Yi Mo continued coldly, "That one client of yours injured you, but if he has taken full responsibility for the matter, then I have no objections."

The expressionless man had given him no opportunity to reply, Ran Feng Ge could only swallow his words. He glared angrily at Su Yi Mo.

Ah, he sure is an unfeeling iceberg, with a bad temper and a stinginess like no other.

Ran Feng Ge continued cursing at Su Yi Mo with all sorts of profanities in his head.

"Alright, I'll count this time as purely my fault." Ran Feng Ge didn't bother arguing with Su Yi Mo. He had only wanted to earn some extra money anyways, especially if it was the money of the wealthy. If he did manage to win some money, then he was lucky. Even if he didn't, he hadn't necessarily lost anything. After all in this world, how could anyone have a grudge against money?

"I'm leaving! I'll bring back something delicious for you to eat tonight!" His mood quickly switching, Ran Feng Ge strode out of the house.

Su Yi Mo obtained another two insights into Ran Feng Ge's character from that exchange. Not only did Ran Feng Ge wear a thousand faces, he was also thick-skinned and greedy.

Ran Feng Ge didn't know what Su Yi Mo was currently thinking. He excitedly walked into the garage, picked out a key, and jumped into a black Mercedes. Slowly, he pulled away from the mansion.

He first drove to Tian Lan and looked for Cheng Xi Ran. Tossing the man's wallet back, he joked, "I've used up a lot of your money, but I have no plans to pay you back."

"That won't do. You have to return at least half of what you've used!" Cheng Xi Ran accepted the wallet and shoved it into his pocket. He shook his leg along with the music playing in the bar, the fringe of his red hair bouncing with each beat. All in all, he was a handsome man.

Even though he was demanding Ran Feng Ge to pay him back on the surface, Cheng Xi Ran knew his friend had probably already returned every cent of the money he'd used. Ran Feng Ge had most likely even added a few extra bills as a form of gratitude. That was their way of doing things, never less but more. No matter who borrowed from whom, they would always return the money without talking about it.


That was the camaraderie between true friends.

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Chapter 31: A Date with Lan Kuang

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-031/

By a giraffe

8/1/2015

"How about next time? I still have something to do today, so I won't linger here any longer. I'll come and find you for a drink another day! Say hi to Mi Le for me!" Ran Feng Ge grabbed the glass of emerald-colored cocktail Cheng Xi Ran had just made and downed it in one gulp. He placed the glass down with a flourish and tossed his head back. Giving Cheng Xi Ran a thumbs up, he praised the man, "Wow, you are definitely getting better at mixing cocktails! Your future as a bartender is looking great!"

"You little punk!" Cheng Xi Ran was already used to Ran Feng Ge coming and going like the wind. He picked up the glass his friend had used and poured another cocktail for himself.

Mi Le walked over with a tray in her hands. She placed her elbows on the bar counter and asked, "Where did Xiao Ge go?"

"He left."

"Already? And here I was thinking of having him try some of our new cocktail recipes! Exactly what kind of a job did he accept this time? He looks so busy every time we see him. Do you think it's a dangerous job?"

"Hey, don't display your concern for another man so obviously. I'll get jealous," Cheng Xi Ran said with a straight face. He put his elbows on the counter like Mi Le and leaned in close, gazing deeply into her eyes.

Looking at the handsome face that was just inches away from hers, Mi Le didn't hesitate to lean over and give Cheng Xi Ran a big kiss on the mouth. She then said in a coaxing voice, "Be good. No other man is as charming as you. Your Mi Le won't be snatched away just like that. Rest assured!"

"One more kiss." Cheng Xi Ran could barely restrain his laughter but continued pretending to be displeased as he leaned in for another kiss.

Mi Le looked as if she didn't know how to deal with his neediness, but her eyes were filled with smiles. She glanced around and saw that no one was paying any attention to them. She then forcefully slung her arms around Cheng Xi Ran's neck and kissed him deeply.

Standing by the door, Ran Feng Ge looked over at his two friends who were making out without any regard for their surroundings. He smiled faintly and walked out of the bar.

Truly, people must feel happier when they have someone to love. Right?

Ran Feng Ge drove to the An Ping Clubhouse and parked by the side of the road. He then took the elevator to the 15th floor.

When he stepped out of the elevator, he saw Lan Kuang sitting at a table near the spas. Lan Kuang was wearing a white bathrobe, which was loosely knotted at his waist, exposing his well-built chest. His messy, wet hair was still dripping water down his neck. He looked quite comfortable and relaxed sitting there.

Lan Kuang had his legs crossed with a pair of sandals on his feet and a glass of wine in his hands. He glanced over at Ran Feng Ge as the latter walked up. A faint smile appeared on Lan Kuang's face. "I thought you'd forgotten about our date."

Lan Kuang had deliberately chosen intimate words. He didn't miss the tiny knot that appeared between Ran Feng Ge's brows in reaction to his words.

Ran Feng Ge sat down in the chair opposite of Lan Kuang's. He picked up the wine bottle and poured himself a glass of wine. Between sips, he replied, "How would that be possible. No matter what, you're still my savior."

Lan Kuang suddenly reached out and caught Ran Feng Ge's wrist, preventing him from taking another sip of the wine.

Ran Feng Ge lifted an eyebrow and looked at him puzzledly. "Do you have to be this stingy? I'm not allowed even a glass of wine? Don't worry, I'll return your money after this." Ran Feng Ge paused and tipped his glass towards Lan Kuang. "Including the money for this glass of wine."

Lan Kuang gritted his teeth and looked at the other man. Ran Feng Ge had brought up money again. It was already the third time!

"Has your wound healed enough for you to be drinking? It may be red wine, but it's still bad for your injury!" Lan Kuang's voice held hints of helplessness and sullenness.

Ran Feng Ge stared at Lan Kuang for a few seconds before chuckling lightly. "I'm pretty sure that has nothing to do with you."

"I don't want to bring you to the emergency room collapsed in my arms again." Lan Kuang made his words sound even more intimate.

"It's only a glass of wine. I'm not that weak." Ran Feng Ge quickly changed the subject. "If you don't want to drink with me, then I'll just return your money and leave."

Ran Feng Ge placed the glass on the table and pulled out a check from within his clothes. Pushing it towards Lan Kuang, he said, "Here, your money."

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Previous: [Chapter 30: Successful Deception](#)

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Sherry, Daphne

Chapter 32: I Like You the Way You Are

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-032/

By a giraffe

8/1/2015

Lan Kuang's eyes twitched. He picked up the check and tore it in half, then tore it in half again. He continued until the check became a pile of snowflakes.

"Do you have a grudge against money?" Ran Feng Ge grumbled, "You could've just returned it if you didn't want it. Why on earth did you rip it apart!"

Lan Kuang ignored him. With a wave of his hand, he sent the scraps of paper flying, some floating into the pools. The scene, despite the tension in the air, was somewhat romantic.

Tired of arguing, Ran Feng Ge stood up to leave.

Lan Kuang immediately grabbed him and smiled. "I had only been joking about having you return my money, but you actually took it seriously? Money means nothing to me. All that matters to me is getting to know you."

Lan Kuang had said the words tenderly, though Ran Feng Ge suspected that the man was only trying to make up with him.

Ran Feng Ge pulled away and said, "Please. Save your flirting and pick-up lines for the women."

"But I'm not interested in women." Lan Kuang followed up with a retort and reached out to grab Ran Feng Ge again. Tightening his grasp, he stood up and approached Ran Feng Ge. "I'm interested in you. What do you think, you and me, together?"

Ran Feng Ge laughed, suppressing the rage surging up inside him. He glanced up at Lan Kuang's sharp, handsome face. "For a rich, diamond bachelor like you, there should be plenty of people willing to throw themselves into your arms. Even if you aren't interested in women, there should still be plenty of men for you to choose from!"

"I like you with your sharp tongue and sarcastic statements. I'm not interested in sleeping with those effeminate men." Lan Kuang leaned even closer and asked, "Or are you saying that you are already taken?"

I simply don't bat for your team, alright!

However, before Ran Feng Ge could even answer, Lan Kuang started rambling to himself, "Well, it doesn't matter anyways. I like the challenge of stealing another man's prey."

Ran Feng Ge glared at him. It was obvious that Lan Kuang was so used to having his way that other people's opinions didn't amount to anything for him. Everything had to go according to his plans and no one was able to talk any sense into him once he had made his decisions.

And why is this prick so tall? I can feel the pressure just from standing next to him. Damn it, my neck is already sore from looking up at him.

Taking advantage of the shorter man's silence, Lan Kuang slipped an arm around Ran Feng Ge's waist. He used his other hand to lift Ran Feng Ge's chin and asked mischievously, "What's your name?"

"I don't have one!" Ran Feng Ge avoided Lan Kuang's hand and aimed a punch at the man's torso. "I don't have time for your nonsense!"

Lan Kuang nimbly dodged sideways and let go of Ran Feng Ge. He took two steps backwards and held his hands up in defeat, showing that he wasn't going to do anything else. "Why don't we try something else? My name is Lan Kuang. What's yours?"

So for Lan Kuang, something else meant holding his hand out for a shake, introducing himself politely, and then asking for his name?

The corners of Ran Feng Ge's mouth twitched, but he ignored Lan Kuang's hand. He merely replied, "Ran Feng Ge."

Numerous people knew the name "Ran Feng Ge," but he wasn't sure if Lan Kuang had heard it before. There was no point in giving Lan Kuang a false name, as the man could easily do a search and find out the truth. So he might as well tell Lan Kuang his real name, it might even make the latter a bit apprehensive about pursuing him.

After all, a relationship with someone who had a thousand faces was obviously going to end in tragedy from the start.

As a body double, Ran Feng Ge could switch in and out of character whenever and wherever he wanted.

If someone unrelated to the field wanted to start a relationship with a body double, then they'd certainly end up in the valley of despair with no one to save them.

Ran Feng Ge had met people like Lan Kuang before, but he was the innocent party in all this. He couldn't possibly accept every person who had made a confession to him.

If you insist on harassing me and taking up a challenge you're not ready for, then you should be prepared to deal with the pain of getting your heart broken.

Something flickered inside Lan Kuang's eyes. He repeated to himself in his mind—*Ran. Feng. Ge. Ran Feng Ge.*

Interesting! The golden body double Ran Feng Ge. Could he be that person from back then too?

Thinking of how Ran Feng Ge's eyes had gleamed when he was flustered, Lan Kuang was reminded even more of the person he held close to his heart...

"What a nice name," praised Lan Kuang. "I will keep it in mind."

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Translators: Gaomuzi

Proofreaders: Daphne, Nannyn

Chapter 33: Let's Enjoy the Spas Together!

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-033/

By a giraffe

9/1/2015

Some people knew the mountains had tigers, yet they would still go deep into the mountains .

Since Lan Kuang didn't seem like he was going to back down, there was no point in warning him again. After all, people like Lan Kuang were never serious about relationships. Not to mention, even if Ran Feng Ge decided to take part in this love game, he might overestimate his own importance and end up finding out Lan Kuang had merely been playing around. He shouldn't even be considering scenarios such as "seriously putting on an act and playing the substitute for the person Lan Kuang held dear." It was too early to say who would be playing whom for a fool here!

Realizing this, Ran Feng Ge lost his patience in continuing the conversation. He'd rather go back and face that "ice cube" Su Yi Mo. That man was at least faithful and warm inside despite his cold exterior. He had paid however much he needed to hire a body double to protect his wounded lover. He was worthier in every way than this Lan Kuang.

"If we're done, then I'm leaving." Ran Feng Ge took a step backward, planning to walk around Lan Kuang.

Unfortunately, the other had already seen through his intentions during his silence. Lan Kuang stepped forward the moment he stepped backward, blocking his way. "What do you mean we're done? I've waited for you for ages. You aren't going let my efforts be wasted, are you?"

"What else do you want? You tore up the check yourself. It has nothing to do with me!" Ran Feng Ge moved another step back. He wasn't discouraged; there were more than one way of escaping from Lan Kuang.

Lan Kuang took another step towards him. Their movements made it seem as if they were dancing the cha-cha in ridiculously slow motion. "What do you think this place is?"

Ran Feng Ge furrowed his eyebrows. "An Ping Clubhouse!"

He moved back another step.

"What kind of place is An Ping Clubhouse then?"

One more step.

"A place for recreation and relaxing..."

Seeing that Ran Feng Ge had been backed up right against the edge of the pool, a flicker of delight flashed through Lan Kuang's eyes. He strode forward and asked, "Since you understand what kind of place this is, why are you in such a rush to leave? Why not have some fun with me? Let's take a bath together!"

"My wound is not fully healed. I can't let it get wet—" While speaking, Ran Feng Ge retreated another step, and ended up losing his balance. Looking at Lan Kuang's gloating expression, he stretched out a hand to grab the other's bathrobe in an attempt to save himself from falling.

It shouldn't have been hard for Ran Feng Ge to stop his fall because of his physical abilities. The problem was that Lan Kuang had tied his bathrobe too carelessly. With a simple pull, the knot around Lan Kuang's waist immediately came open. In addition, his bathrobe was sleeveless and had simply been draped around his shoulders. Due to Ran Feng Ge's tug, the bathrobe had been completely pulled off of Lan Kuang's body. Ran Feng Ge fell into the pool along with the bathrobe, raising a big splash.

Lan Kuang's smile turned up even more at the sight. He looked down at Ran Feng Ge, whose head popped up from the water. "Oops, I'm sorry. I just took a bath, so my body is too slippery for the robe to stay on."

Ran Feng Ge tossed the robe away and shook his head. Water dripped down from the tips of his hair and into the pool, creating small ripples on the surface. Hearing Lan Kuang's voice, Ran Feng Ge raised his head to look at him. The first thing he noticed was a certain area blatantly expressing its interest...

"Shit!" Cursing under his breath, Ran Feng Ge headed to the other side of the pool.

Seeing that things were getting out of hand, Lan Kuang quickly retracted his smile and leapt into the water. With a few splashes, he caught up to Ran Feng Ge. "Are you angry?"

Ran Feng Ge ignored him and kept swimming.

"I was only trying to let you experience what it feels like to have a dip in the bath. What do you think? Doesn't it feel good?" Lan Kuang still had the nerve to follow after Ran Feng Ge.

Ran Feng Ge came to an abrupt halt and answered through gritted teeth, "It feels very good. Since you've already accomplished your goal, can you let me leave now?"

Lan Kuang had wanted to take advantage of the opportunity and reply with "Stay a little longer since it feels so good." Before the words left his mouth, however, he changed his mind. Perhaps a softer approach would work better?

"I'm sorry." After apologizing, Lan Kuang swam over to Ran Feng Ge's side and grabbed his arm. His other hand groped around for Ran Feng Ge's wound under the water. "Your wound really hasn't healed yet? Let me take a look..."

He pressed his hand against Ran Feng Ge's abdomen and began caressing it boldly, his movements exceedingly intimate.

Ran Feng Ge clenched his hands underwater. The next moment, he turned around and aimed a punch at Lan Kuang's face.

Lan Kuang hurriedly dodged, letting go of Ran Feng Ge in the process. Going on the attack, Ran Feng Ge gripped the other's arms with both of his hands and dunked Lan Kuang into the water. One, two, three...he didn't stop until he'd dunked the other man five times. A wicked smile similar to Lan Kuang's appeared on Ran Feng Ge face. "Keep your hands to yourself! Be glad that you saved me once, otherwise you'd be taking a bath at the bottom of the pool!"

It was Ran Feng Ge's policy to never provoke people like Lan Kuang. However, the man just couldn't leave him alone. Unfortunately for Lan Kuang, he wasn't someone easy to mess with.

This whole situation was obviously what people meant with "[Make your decisions promptly or you'll have disastrous consequences.](#)" He should've left immediately after giving Lan Kuang the check!

Still coughing up water, Lan Kuang straightened and wiped his face. Looking at the assertive Ran Feng Ge in front of him, he laughed instead of becoming angry. His eyes gleamed, resembling a cheetah that had found its prey. This bristling fellow who dared to resist him was becoming more and more suited to his tastes.

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Previous: [Chapter 32: I Like You the Way You Are](#)

Translators: Gaomuzi

Proofreaders: Sherry, Nannyn

Chapter 34: Employer-Employee Relationship

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-034/

By a giraffe

9/1/2015

"Hey, are you...acquainted with An Mu?"

Seeing that Ran Feng Ge was about to swim to the other side of the pool, Lan Kuang stopped chasing him and simply raised his voice to ask a question instead.

Ran Feng Ge's arms paused slightly in mid-stroke as his mind spun rapidly. Should he lie and say they weren't acquainted or openly admit that they were friends?

Lowering his eyes to stare at the pool's calm waters, Ran Feng Ge suddenly remembered that they were at the An Ping Clubhouse! Owned by the An family!

As a result, he answered rather indifferently, "An Mu? The An family's young master? Of course we're acquainted. After all, isn't this place owned by the An family?"

Lan Kuang nodded. "You're quite well-informed! You and him...how did you come to know each other?"

"That's not necessary for you to know, is it?" Ran Feng Ge was suddenly reminded of An Chen's words a few days ago and an idea surfaced. He climbed up the pool steps and sat down on the deck, leaning his back against the door of the changing room. Facing Lan Kuang in the water, he laughed and continued, "Could it be that you're trying to gather information on An Mu from me? I've heard that you have quite the interest in him! You've got the wrong person though; I don't know him very well. Wish I could help."

"Who did you hear that from?" Lan Kuang's eyes narrowed, but he didn't deny that he was interested in An Mu. Somewhat vexed, he added, "Yes, I am interested in him. Two years ago we had been in a short relationship, but back then both of us were just putting on an act. In addition, my original goal was to take advantage of our relationship and use it to my benefit whenever I had to, so I ended up doing a lot of cruel things to him..."

"I finally understand the magnitude of the things I have done to him, so I want to find him and somehow make it up to him..."

"I've been to many of the properties owned by the An family—businesses, clubs... Where we are at now is the last place, but no matter where I look and no matter how long I wait, he has never appeared..."

"It's probably because I've hurt him too deeply..."

"No one has been able to give me the same feelings he gave me. At least that's what I thought until I met you."

Having gotten to this point, Lan Kuang's fathomless eyes locked onto Ran Feng Ge. "The feelings you give me are too similar to the ones he had given me. Your eyes also resemble his. That's why I became interested in you as well."

"You couldn't find An Mu, so you set your sights on me instead?" Ran Feng Ge's mind was in turmoil after hearing Lan Kuang's explanation, but his expression remained serene and unruffled. He even adopted the mindset of a gossipy spectator and said, "Perhaps An Mu is secretly hiding somewhere and watching to see how hard you'd try! If you shift your affections to someone else so quickly, then he probably won't appear before you again."

"Since I've already told you about my connection to him, it's now your turn. Exactly what kind of relationship do you have with him?" Lan Kuang also climbed onto the pool deck and strolled toward Ran Feng Ge, ignoring the water dripping from his body onto the ground. An answer was already forming inside his mind before Ran Feng Ge could reply.

He was the leader of Chasing Hawk, so naturally he'd heard of Ran Feng Ge's reputation. Then the An Mu from back then...could it have been...Ran Feng Ge?

"Tell me, what kind of relationship do you think we have?" Ran Feng Ge looked around and noticed that there was a clothes dryer nearby. He walked over, pressed the start button on the machine, and stood in front of it as it began drying his wet clothes.

Lan Kuang stood in front of the changing room. He opened the door and took out another bath towel to wrap around himself. He then replied to the question Ran Feng Ge had responded with, "I think...you two have an employer-employee relationship."

Ran Feng Ge's heart skipped a beat. He knew he wouldn't be able to hide this matter from Lan Kuang for long, but he'd never imagined that Lan Kuang would find out so soon. While he was thinking about how to handle the situation, someone suddenly called out his name.

"Feng Ge?"

Ran Feng Ge had been about to turn around and dry his back. Hearing his name, he instinctively turned his head and met the pleasantly surprised gaze of the person who had just stepped out of the elevator—An Mu!

"Feng Ge! It's really you!" An Mu wore a smile befitting the occasion, tenderness mixed with a hint of patient composure, appearing exactly like a natural gentleman. An Mu quickly approached Ran Feng Ge; his steps filled with joy at the unexpected reunion. "I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me! When you left us without saying anything back then, you truly made me spend a great amount of effort looking for you!"


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Previous: [Chapter 33: Let's Enjoy the Spas Together!](#)

Return: [Main Page](#)

Translators: Sherry
Proofreaders: PiKairi, Nannyn

Chapter 35: Incorrect Guess?

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-035/

By a giraffe

10/16/2015

As soon as An Mu's words left his mouth, Ran Feng Ge's first reaction was to look over at Lan Kuang.

Lan Kuang was staring right back at him. Seeing him look over, Lan Kuang spread his arms out casually in an innocent gesture. The quirked up corners of his lips, however, indicated to Ran Feng Ge that Lan Kuang had made some guesses about his relationship with An Mu, and that those guesses had just been confirmed by An Mu's appearance.

Seeing that Ran Feng Ge had turned to look somewhere else instead of greeting him, An Mu also turned in the same direction to look at the man who was standing there and sizing them up. After giving the bathrobed man with water dripping from his hair the once-over, An Mu's pupils suddenly constricted in recognition. A shocked expression appeared on his face. Lan Kuang?

An Mu subconsciously leaned backwards. His warm smile immediately replaced by an expression of astonishment. After seeing Lan Kuang, his expression became that of a deer caught in the headlights.

As for Ran Feng Ge, he simply looked away without batting an eyelash and turned off the clothes dryer.

Lan Kuang's smile stiffened, his expression hardening.

Judging from the reactions of the other two, his initial guesses had probably been wrong.

"Feng Ge, I still have some business to attend to, so I'll invite you out to eat some other time. I'm leaving first!" An Mu said hastily to Ran Feng Ge and turned around to leave.

Lan Kuang stood still and gaped at An Mu for a few seconds. He first glanced at Ran Feng Ge, who was acting like it was no concern of his, and then glanced at An Mu, who was hastily departing. An Mu's retreating figure and face overlapped with the ones in his memories. An Mu had finally appeared before his eyes. Before he realized what he was doing, Lan Kuang was already chasing after An Mu with long strides.

Ran Feng Ge sighed quietly in relief.

"An Mu!" Lan Kuang grabbed An Mu's arm and called out again, "An Mu! It's me!"

His arm gripped by Lan Kuang, An Mu gave an almost imperceptible shudder before regaining his calm. He slowly turned around, wearing the same warm smile from when he'd first exited the elevator.

"Is something the matter?"

"Let's talk!" Lan Kuang's eyes bored deeply into An Mu's, but An Mu avoided his gaze.

"We have nothing to talk about."

"There's something I want to tell you!" Lan Kuang reworded his request, implying that it would be fine if An Mu just listened while he talked.

An Mu laughed humorlessly and responded drearily, "I thought we'd already run out of things to talk about two years ago."

Ran Feng Ge looked over Lan Kuang's shoulder and slowly winked at An Mu, who returned his gesture with an almost imperceptible nod. Ran Feng Ge then weaved around the two of them and walked towards the elevator.

Lan Kuang's heart skipped a beat. He looked at Ran Feng Ge, who had brushed past him on his way to the elevator. There was an indescribable feeling in Lan Kuang's heart. It was the feeling that if he were to let Ran Feng Ge leave now, he would probably never obtain him in the future...

An Mu pulled his arm away from Lan Kuang's grasp and successfully drew the man's attention back to him. He made an effort to smile as if nothing was wrong. "If Mr. Lan enjoys the spas here, please feel free to stay awhile. You're welcome to come by often in the future as well. I'll inform my subordinates and have them let you in free of charge."

Lan Kuang suppressed the indescribable feeling of loss in his heart and carefully observed An Mu. Yes, those eyes, that face, that smile, and even the way this An Mu called him was exactly the same as the one from the past.

Could it be that he'd truly guessed incorrectly? An Mu was An Mu and Ran Feng Ge was Ran Feng Ge. Could it be that they just had similar eyes?

"Seeing as Young Master An is being so generous, wouldn't it be rude of me to decline?" Lan Kuang was unwilling to accept that he had been wrong. Gritting his teeth in anger, he shot out his hand to tear at An Mu's white shirt as soon as he'd finished speaking.

His sudden action caught An Mu off guard. By the time An Mu remembered to dodge, the three buttons in front of his chest had all been ripped off. The buttons raced each other to the floor, rolling away to some hidden corner.

An Mu did not struggle. He merely stood there quietly and let Lan Kuang pull open his shirt, revealing his somewhat pale chest.

There was a cross-shaped scar on his chest that ran from his left shoulder to the right side of his waist and from his right shoulder to the left side of his waist. They formed an X shape that was shocking to behold!

Lan Kuang stood frozen in his spot.

An Mu's body was marked with this scar, and Ran Feng Ge's body...was not.

Ran Feng Ge only had the goshawk tattoo on his back.

"What is it? Did you miss the mark you left on my body? So much that you wanted to say hello?" An Mu questioned scornfully, ruthless despite his gentle appearance.

After those three sentences, all the fight immediately went out of Lan Kuang; even his eyes clouded over with pain.

An Mu took the opportunity and grabbed Lan Kuang's wrist. He stepped forward with his right leg and passed his other hand under Lan Kuang's armpit, executing a perfect shoulder throw that ruthlessly hurled the dazed man to the floor.

"Next time you see me, remember to take a detour." An Mu disregarded his ripped shirt and left without so much as a glance back. "I don't want to see you again, not even for a second!"

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Previous: [Chapter 34: Employer-Employee Relationship](#)

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Translators: Sherry

Proofreaders: XYZ81, Nannyn

Chapter 36: The Truth

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By a giraffe

10/16/2015

Reflected on the surface of the full-length mirror was a man's bare body—broad shoulders and a narrow waist, with delicate collarbones, a chest that appeared muscular but not too rugged, and legs both slender and straight. The flawless lines of the man's body traced out an alluring figure; his fair, unblemished skin was free of bruises and scars. He was as perfectly formed as a sculpture.

Ran Feng Ge lifted a hand, his fingertips slowly trailing an invisible path from his left shoulder to the right side of his waist. He stared past his reflection in the mirror and seemed to gaze into the moments of his hidden past.

"I never expected you to have this kind of fetish."

Hearing those frosty words, Ran Feng Ge returned to the present. He looked in the mirror to see Su Yi Mo standing by the door.

It seemed Su Yi Mo hadn't expected to be met with such a sight after pushing open the door. The surprise in his eyes had yet to dissipate, but he had already walked into the room without permission. His gaze, however, did not linger on Ran Feng Ge's body.

Ran Feng Ge rubbed his nose and felt that it would be a bit awkward if he didn't say something. He replied while grabbing a towel and wrapping it around his waist. "That's right. After accidentally catching my own reflection in the mirror, I became enthralled by my own charms. Do you want to take a look? I'll let you have a peek, free of charge."

Su Yi Mo looked at the towel around Ran Feng Ge's waist with the shadow of a smile on his face. His gaze settled on Ran Feng Ge's crotch and he raised an eyebrow. "If you don't mind showing me, why did you cover yourself up?"

Ran Feng Ge didn't expect Su Yi Mo to play along with his joke and reply with a quip of his own. He paused for two seconds, and then responded, feigning nonchalance, "I'm just worried that you'll develop an inferiority complex after seeing it."

Su Yi Mo did not reply to Ran Feng Ge's flippant remark. Instead, he crossed his arms and leaned against the bookcase. Changing the topic, he asked, "Have you finished taking care of your personal matters?"

"...Mm," Ran Feng Ge answered.

"Good."

Ran Feng Ge couldn't tell from Su Yi Mo's voice whether he was pleased or irritated.

"Since you've already dealt with your personal matters, stop looking so preoccupied. Don't forget that you are currently working for me. I don't want you to slip up due to your inattention."

Preoccupied? Inattention?

Ran Feng Ge was sitting on the bed with his head lowered, toweling dry his hair. When he heard Su Yi Mo's words, Ran Feng Ge couldn't resist lifting his gaze to look at the other man. Su Yi Mo had actually noticed that he was acting differently after returning from the meeting with Lan Kuang?

Su Yi Mo didn't look at Ran Feng Ge and turned around to leave after he finished speaking. He paused slightly at the doorway. "Come down to eat after you tidy up."

Ran Feng Ge stared blankly, then nodded and replied, "Alright."

Only after Su Yi Mo had gone downstairs did Ran Feng Ge recall that he had cheerfully told Su Yi Mo that he would bring back something tasty for him to eat in the evening. But because of An Mu's sudden appearance and Lan Kuang's suspicions, Ran Feng Ge had returned in a hurry, completely neglecting his promise. He had returned empty-handed.

He hadn't managed to completely dry his clothes at the clubhouse, so as soon as he'd gotten back he'd ducked into the bathroom for a shower. Afterwards, he stood in front of the mirror, so lost in thought that he hadn't even noticed Su Yi Mo coming in.

In the end, Su Yi Mo probably hadn't taken his words seriously. As a wealthy young master, what kind of delicious foods had Su Yi Mo not eaten before?

But Su Yi Mo had actually noticed something was off about him...

It appeared that he hadn't been too good about controlling his expressions lately.

Ran Feng Ge's cell phone suddenly rang, snapping him out of his musings. Seeing that the caller was An Mu, he adjusted his state of mind and answered the phone. "Hi, An Mu."

"You know who I am?" As always, An Mu's voice was kind and gentle. "You didn't even tell me you changed your phone number. If I didn't ask An Chen, I wouldn't be able to call you."

"You know the drill. In our line of work, we slip away the minute after receiving our payment. It's all to make sure that no one picks up on the small inconsistencies. If I waited too long, then I wouldn't be able to leave even if I wanted to. That would stir up all kinds of trouble." Ran Feng Ge wasn't being entirely truthful in his reply.

"Looks like you're not short on excuses!" An Mu couldn't resist teasing.

Ran Feng Ge laughed softly and then spoke in a lowered voice, "Thanks for today."

An Mu replied resolutely, "You don't need to be polite with me! Back then, if it wasn't because of me, you and Lan Kuang would never have..." An Mu paused, but then continued, "I still feel guilty about it even now. If I'd known that Lan Kuang would treat you that way, I would never have hired you to disguise yourself as me and stay hidden in the family for that long. You even became involved with him later on..."

"There's no need to bring up things that happened in the past. You don't need to feel guilty either." Feigning nonchalance, Ran Feng Ge changed the subject. "I never knew you were that good at acting. How about it, do you want to consider joining our line of work? As the top body double in the field, I'll make sure to look out for you!"

An Mu laughed. "No thanks, I'm afraid I would steal your livelihood."

"He didn't suspect anything, did he?" Ran Feng Ge was slightly worried, so he pressed An Mu for more information.

"He didn't. It's a good thing you told me the entire story after you escaped from Chasing Hawk. I made a scar on my body exactly like the one you had back then. He was suspicious of me, but after seeing the scar with his own eyes, he had no choice but to believe me. I don't think he'll trouble you again."

"It really wasn't necessary for you to go so far..." Ran Feng Ge sighed. He knew the scar on An Mu's body was the real deal. Unlike body doubles, An Mu didn't have various props and medications to assist him in creating realistic artificial scars.

If Cheng Xi Ran hadn't made a scar removal ointment especially for him at the time, Ran Feng Ge's body would still be riddled with enough scars to be a horrific sight.

"I owe you this much at least." An Mu replied quietly, a hint of sorrow in his smile.

Ran Feng Ge did not reply to that for a long while. On the other end of the line, An Mu cheered up and chuckled. "Alright, I still have things to do, so I won't keep you any longer. Let's go out to eat sometime."

"Sure."

After hanging up, Ran Feng Ge went to the bathroom and washed his face with cold water. Facing the mirror, he schooled his expression. Afterwards, he changed into pajamas, slid his feet into slippers, and went downstairs.

Body doubles, after all, were experts at reconstructing their expressions. Anytime and anywhere.

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Translators: Sherry

Proofreaders: Helen, Nannyn

Chapter 37: Shall We Have a Dance?

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-037/

By a giraffe

12/1/2015

Over the next month, Ran Feng Ge had Su Yi Mo dig up old news articles, interviews, albums, films, TV shows, and a string of other things on Jing Qiu Han that could be used as reference materials to imitate the actor. After he received the materials, Ran Feng Ge holed up at home and studied single-mindedly.

Su Yi Mo went out every day and returned at night. Ran Feng Ge didn't bother asking his employer what he was doing; he only had to do some thinking to deduce why Su Yi Mo was returning late. Besides managing company matters, the most important thing to Su Yi Mo was naturally visiting Jing Qiu Han.

Occasionally, there were days when Su Yi Mo didn't go out at all.

During those days, Su Yi Mo would sit on the couch and watch Ran Feng Ge, who would be sitting cross-legged on the floor, stare tirelessly at the computer screen as he watched and listened through a number of Jing Qiu Han's movies and songs. Occasionally, Ran Feng Ge would put on earphones and walk around while listening to Jing Qiu Han's songs. His posture, gait, and speed of his steps resembled Jing Qiu Han's from the interview clips. Gradually, he became more and more similar to Jing Qiu Han.

"I'm not concerned about your acting skills," Su Yi Mo couldn't resist mocking one day. "As for other areas...I think you might not be up to par? Do you need me to find a few teachers for you? You need to know how to sing and dance. When you return to the company to prepare for your reappearance before the public, you will need to show your fans a perfect Jing Qiu Han."

Ran Feng Ge pulled out his earphones, turned around, and looked down at the nit-picking Su Yi Mo. He shrugged and asked, "Want to hear me sing?"

Su Yi Mo answered him with a doubtful glance.

Ran Feng Ge once again sat cross-legged on the hardwood floor. He pulled the laptop onto his lap and searched for an instrumental version of one of Jing Qiu Han's songs. He then placed the laptop on the floor and stretched his legs out contentedly. His legs were crossed at the ankles; his foot moving along with the music. At the part where the vocals came in, Ran Feng Ge started to sing.

He sang in Jing Qiu Han's voice, stunning Su Yi Mo in just the first verse.

Su Yi Mo quietly looked at Ran Feng Ge, who appeared captivated by the song. In that moment, Ran Feng Ge was completely in character. His expression matched the feelings of the lyrics, displaying his incredible memory and level of comprehension.

This kind of dedicated Ran Feng Ge reminded Su Yi Mo of when the body double had impersonated Jing Qiu Han in the hospital. In order to not expose his identity, Ran Feng Ge had actually endured three days without eating!

Was he also this dedicated in his past assignments? He definitely had been, right? Otherwise he wouldn't have become the industry's best body double.

Thinking up to there, Su Yi Mo couldn't help but trail off into another line of thought. If Ran Feng Ge could withstand not eating and drinking for three days, then what was he capable of doing when he came across danger?

Su Yi Mo had accidentally glanced upon Ran Feng Ge's naked body a few days ago, but did not discover any actual scarring on the other's body. Was it because of the body double's top-notch skills? Was that why Ran Feng Ge was able to avoid danger every time?

Apparently, none of these posed as problems for Ran Feng Ge. Then...if Ran Feng Ge were to accept a job similar to the one Su Yi Mo had commissioned himself, where he would be entangled in emotions, would Ran Feng Ge still be this composed and capable?

In a brief loss of self-control, Su Yi Mo remembered the first time they had kissed and hugged. Suddenly, Su Yi Mo found that he was parched.

From the memories of that kiss, it seemed like Ran Feng Ge's kissing techniques weren't inferior to his. Exactly how many people had Ran Feng Ge kissed before? How many of those kisses were sincere? Perhaps most of them were for the sake of acting out his character?

Su Yi Mo couldn't help but fix his eyes on Ran Feng Ge's lips. The other's lips were round and smooth with a faint touch of color. As Ran Feng Ge opened and closed his lips to sing, Su Yi Mo unexpectedly felt a special kind of attraction towards them.

Su Yi Mo's heart suddenly skipped a beat; he found that he couldn't accept his earlier thoughts about Ran Feng Ge's work. The body double had put on acts and kissed an unknown number of people, had acted out being in love with them, and might have even slept with them...

Ran Feng Ge quickly finished singing the title track of Jing Qiu Han's 2010 album. When he looked proudly at Su Yi Mo, he found that the man was staring at him blankly with a wrinkled brow, as if he were somewhat unhappy.

Could it be that his singing had been bad?

Su Yi Mo finally started and realized that he had been staring at Ran Feng Ge for quite a while. Su Yi Mo averted his gaze somewhat awkwardly and said in a low voice, "Yes, you're quite good at singing. I underestimated you."

"Many thanks for your praise." Ran Feng Ge suddenly stood up and walked barefoot towards Su Yi Mo. He reached his hand out like a prince inviting a princess and smiled at Su Yi Mo. "Shall we have a dance?"


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Translators: Helen
Proofreaders: Lyrick, Nannyn

Chapter 38: I'm Even Better At...Re, la, tion, ships!

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-038/

By a giraffe

12/1/2015

Su Yi Mo wasn't too happy about being invited to dance like a princess. He reached out and clasped Ran Feng Ge's hand, then reversed his grip and positioned himself so that it seemed like he was the one who'd done the inviting. Standing together with Ran Feng Ge, Su Yi Mo's revealed a faint, satisfied smile at their height difference. The princess obviously shouldn't be taller than the prince, right? Therefore, if they were going to dance, Ran Feng Ge would be doing the female part.

"Waltz or tango?" Ran Feng Ge had noticed Su Yi Mo's small movements, but he smiled unconcernedly and gave Su Yi Mo the privilege of choosing which type of dance they would be performing.

"Tango."

"All right. I knew you would pick that." In the background, the instrumental version of Jing Qiu Han's song reached its conclusion. The melody that was next in queue immediately began playing. Coincidentally, it was one of the well-known tango pieces—La Cumparsita.

The initial languorous melody of the song gradually intensified as they danced along. Similarly, the two's elegant dance steps gradually became more frenetic. Ran Feng Ge didn't mind dancing the female part; he could make the steps as frenzied as the male part, matching evenly with Su Yi Mo.

While dancing, they inevitably brushed and rubbed against each other along the thighs, calves, waists, and chests. Tango was also a dance that required frequent eye contact to express the romantic passion depicted by the music.

After La Cumparsita ended, another song began playing. This time they danced the waltz.

Following the waltz was a Latin dance.

After the Latin dance, the music changed into a piece for street dancing. Ran Feng Ge pushed Su Yi Mo away as he felt the other might not know how to street dance. He then took two steps back and broke into a confident smile as he presented a spirited and rakish street dance to Su Yi Mo.

The sweat droplets that cascaded carelessly from his skin, the brilliant and alluring smile on his face, his elegant and confident movements, and music that stirred people's hearts all helped Ran Feng Ge shed the allure and grace of the formal dances he had performed earlier. While street dancing, Ran Feng Ge appeared like a mischievous and adorable boy next door who enjoyed showing off.

Ran Feng Ge was like a flawless handscroll painting, displaying his vast talents for Su Yi Mo to see little by little. As for Su Yi Mo, he had merely been gifted the chance of seeing a tiny corner of the scroll.

How many more secrets did Ran Feng Ge have? How many more surprising talents did he possess?

After he finished dancing, Ran Feng Ge used his foot to press the pause button on the laptop. After performing so many dances in a row even he was panting slightly, yet his flushed face radiated youthful energy. Tilting his head, he cast Su Yi Mo a somewhat taunting smirk. "How's that? Do you deem me fully qualified now? Or do you still plan on hiring me a teacher?"

Though Su Yi Mo was secretly shocked at Ran Feng Ge's many talents, his expression remain rather unchanged. Hearing Ran Feng Ge's questions, he only smiled and inquired offhandedly, "Do all of you body doubles have to learn these kinds of things?"

"Not necessarily." Ran Feng Ge bent and picked up the towel slung across the back of the couch. While wiping the sweat off his neck, he explained, "If people want to become the exceptionally dangerous type of body double, they would focus on combat and gun training. If they want to become the gentlemanly type of body double, learning the basics is enough, though of course they need to have excellent memories. If they plan to act as body doubles for famous actors or singers, they need to train in singing, dancing, musicality, and similar fields."

"Oh? Then why have you learned so much?"

"There's no harm in learning a bit more, of course."

"True. Otherwise you wouldn't be the industry's golden body double. What else are you good at? Combat? Marksmanship? Bomb dismantling? Mixing cocktails? Tennis? Golf? Stock market speculation? Monet investment? Gambling?" Su Yi Mo rattled off as many skills as he could think of in one breath. He pinned Ran Feng Ge with a long gaze, as if he were interrogating the other instead of simply investigating.

A trace of a smile appeared on Ran Feng Ge's face. He did not reply.

"What's wrong? I can't possibly have guessed them all, right?" Su Yi Mo revealed an enigmatic smile.

So this guy was actually this talented; he's practically an all-rounder!

"No, there's one more you haven't guessed." Ran Feng Ge couldn't stand looking at Su Yi Mo's pleased expression. He slowly leaned towards Su Yi Mo and said in a low voice, "Actually, I'm even better at—re, la, tion, ships!"


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Chapter 39: A Man of Many Talents, Dazzling to the Eyes

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-039/

By a giraffe

1/15/2016

In close proximity, their breaths mingled together. Because Su Yi Mo was reclining against the back of the sofa, the height advantage was transferred to Ran Feng Ge.

The corners of Su Yi Mo's lips lifted slightly as he listened to Ran Feng Ge speak with a barely detectable trace of danger and provocation. "That's good to hear, since the most important reason why I commissioned you is for you to be seen in public while being in a relation, ship with me! If you weren't an expert at this, I wouldn't have hired you."

Ran Feng Ge clearly understood yet still gave a sarcastic reply. "You're not afraid of falling in love with me?"

"Have you forgotten? If we were passionately in love, it would be with you not as yourself but as Jing Qiu Han. My feelings towards Jing Qiu Han are, of course, love. But he is completely separate from you and without even a trace of your character. For that reason, you'd better worry about yourself. When the time comes, make sure you're not trapped in your role and dead set on loving me."

They'd brought up the same topic on the third day after Ran Feng Ge had accepted the commission, but the mood from that time differed to some extent from the current mood.

Compared to the narcissistic joke their words had been at that time, now they seemed... serious and weighted.

After all, as Ran Feng Ge was someone exceedingly attractive, it would still hurt his pride a little if someone repeatedly confirmed that he wasn't interested, even if Ran Feng Ge wasn't gay.

"Who will fall in love with whom hasn't been decided yet." Ran Feng Ge tossed back a final word before heading upstairs.

Su Yi Mo gazed after his retreating back, his expression involuntarily becoming solemn.

Who will fall in love with whom... hasn't been decided?

Ran Feng Ge threw himself onto the bed, gazing at the ceiling in a daze.

What was going on? In the past few days his mood had greatly fluctuated, often influenced by external persons or matters.

Could it be that... he shouldn't have taken on a new job so soon after that affair? Perhaps living an ordinary and carefree life like Xi Ran and Mi Le would have been better.

If he wanted to quit now, was it too late?

Ugh, so bothersome. He valued his reputation as a body double the most, so, as he'd already accepted the commission, he couldn't possibly withdraw.

Oh well, he had no choice but to force himself to see it through!

That detestable Su Yi Mo, he really was no fun at all!

He tossed and turned in bed. Because it was currently the afternoon, he couldn't sleep, so he sat up. When his gaze swept across a piano in the room, his eyes lit up in delight.

He walked over and opened the lid. Sitting down, he stretched out his fingers to press on the piano keys, testing the sound by pressing down hard with all ten fingers.

He then began randomly pressing keys, causing the piano to produce a series of disjointed but not ear-piercing sounds. Ran Feng Ge played quite enthusiastically, both legs tapping along with the rhythm. His feelings of vexation were quickly swept away by the sounds he was making.

"I've just praised you for your talent in many subjects, but now you've changed my opinion. You're only capable of playing piano at this level?" Although he was supposed to be downstairs, Su Yi Mo apparently found the noise unbearable and had come upstairs to stop Ran Feng Ge. "Looks like you still need a music teacher."

"Really?" Ran Feng Ge stopped playing the piano and stood to the side. Smiling at Su Yi Mo, he continued, "Since you could tell I played badly, you have a piano at home, and you're even superstar Jing Qiu Han's lover, surely you can play very well? How about you teach me instead?"

Noncommittally, Su Yi Mo walked towards the piano, his whole body exuding chilliness as he sat down, raised his hands, and then pressed down on the keys. His actions hinted at competitive intent as well as past memories. In short, the Su Yi Mo who originally would not have held this kind of childish grudge started to play a song.

Actually, Su Yi Mo could not deny that he had secretly been shocked when Ran Feng Ge had previously displayed his many talents. Now that he had finally caught on to something Ran Feng Ge didn't know how to do, of course he would properly send the other man a warning: as long as activities he couldn't do well existed, he shouldn't be showing off.

Ran Feng Ge stood to the side, crossing his arms with a slightly infuriating smile... how could he be unaware of Su Yi Mo's intentions?

This was Su Yi Mo's covert way of displaying his strengths in order to show him not to be so arrogant. Su Yi Mo felt he should reveal his abilities gradually, step by step, instead!

Su Yi Mo concentrated on the piano and did not notice Ran Feng Ge's expression. When he finished playing, Ran Feng Ge walked over and pushed to get him up. "Let me try again."

This time, the melody wasn't a tuneless sound but *Für Elise*, fluently played.

Su Yi Mo quickly realized, Ran Feng Ge had done that intentionally just now!

He clearly knew how to play. Moreover, he wasn't at all inferior to Su Yi Mo, yet he had purposely played discordantly. Su Yi Mo thought to himself that maybe he shouldn't have come upstairs — then he wouldn't have been so thoroughly played by Ran Feng Ge, without the latter even batting an eyelash!

Ran Feng Ge could not contain the smile at the corners of his mouth anymore. He laughed complacently and threw a cocky wink at Su Yi Mo, causing Su Yi Mo's face to darken.

"How senseless!" Su Yi Mo responded with a cold expression, then turned and left to go downstairs.

Laughing cheerfully, Ran Feng Ge finished the song. He then easily started another piece— *A Comme Amour*.

At the bend of the staircase, Su Yi Mo heard the elegant notes and couldn't help but pause his steps. He leaned against the wall and turned to gaze at Ran Feng Ge earnestly playing the piano. The afternoon sunlight passed through the French windows, spilling over Ran Feng Ge's entire body. Surrounded by a spiral of golden light, the scene in that instant changed into something beautiful and peaceful.

Next: [Chapter 40: Custom Bulletproof T-Shirt](#)

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Proofreaders: Lyrick, Sherry

Chapter 40: Custom Bulletproof T-Shirt

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-040/

By a giraffe

2/16/2016

Three days before Ran Feng Ge made his official public appearance as Jing Qiu Han, he received a phone call from Cheng Xi Ran.

"Punk, are you still alive? You haven't contacted me in a long time!"

"Thanks to you, I'm living the life right now. Are you disappointed?" Ran Feng Ge responded routinely with a joke.

"Yup, I'm very disappointed! What kind of job did you accept this time? You don't even have time to meet up with us! In any case, I'm living in the same city as you right now. Come around when you have time. Don't make it out as if you owe me money and you are afraid to see me because of it," Cheng Xi Ran added in a rapid-fire manner. He'd always liked shooting his mouth off when given the opportunity. "Hey, don't tell me you've locked yourself up this whole month to make nuclear bombs?"

"Do you think I'm you?" Ran Feng Ge rolled his eyes. "I don't have the talent for that sort of thing."

"That's true." If you gave Cheng Xi Ran some dyes, he'd start experimenting with them in a dyeing mill. If you gave him some sunlight, he'd figure out a way to make himself shine. Cheng Xi Ran was exactly that sort of curious person. At Ran Feng Ge's words, he started praising himself narcissistically. "No one can compete with my skill!"

"Hey Bro, you didn't call me to show off, did you?" Ran Feng Ge ambled towards the floor-to-ceiling windows. He half-stretched lazily while looking at the blue sky decorated with white clouds and the vibrantly green trees underneath. "I'm perfectly clear on your many glorious achievements. There's no need for you to show off with me, right?"

"Ah, of course I didn't call you for that! Do you have time today? Why don't you come around to my bar tonight? I have something good to give you!" Cheng Xi Ran sounded as if he was trying very hard to suppress his excitement, which only gave a contrived mysteriousness to his words.

"Something good? What something good?" Ran Feng Ge asked curiously.

He knew Cheng Xi Ran liked studying all sorts of weapons. Could he have made some sort of new weapon?

"Haha, I'm not telling you! You'll know when you come around tonight!" Cheng Xi Ran did a good job of maintaining the suspense.

Mi Le's voice suddenly sounded from the other end of the line, calling for Cheng Xi Ran. The man in question raised his voice and answered obediently, "I'm coming—"

"That's how it is! I'll see you tonight!" Cheng Xi Ran said hastily to Ran Feng Ge before cutting off the call.

Ran Feng Ge listened helplessly to the sound of the dead line and shook his head. Energetic like always, what clowns his friends were.

He sure was horrible for not contacting them for a month. Seemed like he really should turn up at the bar tonight.

◆

"I've arranged to meet with my friends tonight. I hope you'll let me go?" At five in the afternoon, Ran Feng Ge went downstairs to find Su Yi Mo to tell him of the short break he was taking.

Su Yi Mo didn't respond. He merely stared at Ran Feng Ge with a sharp gaze.

"...Very important friends of mine," Ran Feng Ge emphasized, not backing down and meeting Su Yi Mo's gaze evenly.

"Didn't you say you've already taken care of all your private matters?"

"I'm not dealing with a problematic matter this time. I'm only meeting up with my friends and having a chat. I haven't seen them for nearly a month, so they're worried about me." Ran Feng Ge paused and added, "It's a normal social outing this time. It's not going to affect my ability to do my job. Besides, there are still three days left before I report at the company. Boss, are you really that harsh? You can't let me take a break for one night?"

"One night? The whole night?" Su Yi Mo frowned. "You said yourself that there're only three days left. I don't want any mistakes happening right now. Moreover, you've spent a month at home. Doesn't that count as a break? I didn't even require you to act as Jing Qiu Han for this whole month. How can you call me harsh?"

Ran Feng Ge didn't expect Su Yi Mo to be so prickly this time, but he continued fighting for his right to take a night off. "A proper night of relaxing will allow me to double my efforts in my job! My friends will also give me all sorts of advice I'd never think of myself. Boss, if a country closes its borders to all foreign contact, it'll soon fall apart. Communication is a very important skill in our line of work!"

"...Are they friends from the same circle?" Su Yi Mo's voice eased up a bit.

"Yup." Ran Feng Ge nodded and further stressed, "The three of us are the best in the industry! I promise; I will be back by tomorrow morning!"

"...Fine." Su Yi Mo stood up and said apathetically, "If you cause any trouble at this critical point in time, I'll cancel our contract and you'll have to pay me a penalty of sixty million." After leaving behind those words, Su Yi Mo left for his room.

How stingy! Ran Feng Ge thought to himself, but he smiled politely on the surface and said, "I'll do as you wish!"

◆

Tian Lan Bar

Standing behind the bar counter, Cheng Xi Ran glanced about the bar anxiously. When he saw Ran Feng Ge walk in dressed in a casual outfit, he finally relaxed. Cheng Xi Ran's eyes shined with a hint of pride. It seemed like his present for Ran Feng Ge was something he was especially proud of.

"I was starting to think you weren't coming. Here, your punishment." Cheng Xi Ran slid a glass of alcohol across the counter.

Ran Feng Ge picked up the glass and took a drink. He then sat down in a chair and looked around the oddly quiet bar. Glancing about, he noticed that the bar was completely deserted. He asked in surprise, "You don't have any customers today?"

"No kidding! I cleared out the place just for you. Didn't you see the 'temporarily closed' placard on the door?" Cheng Xi Ran also took a seat. He picked up a glass of alcohol and slowly savored the liquid, glancing up occasionally at the second floor.

Not long after, Mi Le leapt down the stairs two steps at a time wearing a pair of riding boots. She waved her arms wildly to greet Ran Feng Ge. "Hi! My busy friend! Do you know how difficult it is to meet up with you these days?"

Ran Feng Ge flashed an apologetic smile at her. "I finally got a chance to come over. Don't spend it making digs at me."

"All right. I'll keep quiet." With a happy smile, Mi Le sidled up to Cheng Xi Ran. While hugging him from behind and putting her chin on his shoulder, she placed the bag she'd been holding onto the counter. "Here, I brought it down."

Cheng Xi Ran took advantage of the moment and turned to plant a kiss on Mi Le's pink cheeks. "Thanks, my dear wife!"

Mi Le raised a hand and slapped him on the head. "Stop being so corny! Why don't you start telling Xiao Ge why he's here?" Despite her words, a blissful smile adorned Mi Le's face.

"Hey hey, enough of the lovey-dovey behavior. If I watch any more, I think I'll start hating you two out of jealousy." Ran Feng Ge took another drink while looking upon his friends. His mood soared just by joking around with them.

As expected, he could only relax completely when surrounded by friends.

Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le smiled happily despite being teased. Cheng Xi Ran reached out and pulled a t-shirt from the bag on the counter. Ran Feng Ge could almost see the flames of anticipation flickering in the other man's eyes. Cheng Xi Ran was obviously very excited to show him the t-shirt. "Here, this is for you!"

Curious yet suspicious, Ran Feng Ge accepted the t-shirt. Turning it over in his hands, he examined the cloth closely. The t-shirt seemed to be made from silk, but Ran Feng Ge decided otherwise after some more inspection. The cloth was soft to the touch and the style was also modern and fashionable. The t-shirt didn't have a tag on it, so Cheng Xi Ran obviously hadn't bought it from a store. Glancing at his friend's especially proud expression, Ran Feng Ge deduced that Cheng Xi Ran had personally made the t-shirt himself. Didn't Cheng Xi Ran like weapons though? Since when did he start studying tailoring?

"You made it?" Ran Feng Ge asked Cheng Xi Ran, humbled by the fact that he couldn't find anything special with the shirt.

The man in question looked over at Mi Le and met her eyes before nodding fervently. "Of course!"

"Why are you gifting me a t-shirt? Is there anything special about it?" Ran Feng Ge then added without much thought, "Don't tell me it's for self-protection? Like those gold-threaded vests from long ago that claimed to protect against swords and spears?"

Both of his friends' expressions froze in shock. Cheng Xi Ran slammed a fist on the counter. "Damn it! Why are you so smart? Couldn't you at least guess a few more times to inflate my ego?"

Ran Feng Ge's lips twitched in a smile. "Oh, so you already know your ego is inflated?"

"Cough—All right! Enough of the chitchat!" Cheng Xi Ran didn't mind Ran Feng Ge's remark. A proud expression quickly graced his face again as he took the t-shirt from Ran Feng Ge and stroked it admiringly. "This is a new product that I've come up with this month after much research: a super bulletproof t-shirt!"

"Bulletproof t-shirt?" Ran Feng Ge's jaw dropped in shock. "You're saying *this* is bulletproof?"

"What about it? Are you in awe?" Satisfied with Ran Feng Ge's reaction, Cheng Xi Ran raised his chin in pride. Picking up Mi Le's hand, he said, "I made one for each of us. Now we are even more unrivalled in the industry!"

"Bulletproof t-shirt..." Ran Feng Ge mumbled to himself. He picked up the exceptional t-shirt and inspected it again. He had the impression that bulletproof clothing was typically heavy and thick. The t-shirt in his hands, however, was lightweight and soft. How could something like this protect against a bullet?

"I see you don't believe me! Le Le!" Cheng Xi Ran signaled to Mi Le with his eyes. Lifting the hand she had wrapped around Cheng Xi Ran's neck, she flicked her wrist and a small knife slid into her hand. In one swift motion, she turned and aimed the knife at Cheng Xi Ran.

Ran Feng Ge jumped up in shock. "Hey! You two—"

The knife point stabbed into Cheng Xi Ran but could go no further than his clothes. With a broad smile, Cheng Xi Ran unbuttoned his shirt, exposing the same type of bulletproof t-shirt underneath. "What do you think? Isn't it amazing?"

"Yes, it's amazing. But can you two clowns not use yourselves as test subjects? I was scared to death just now!" Ran Feng Ge sighed loudly and picked up his glass, draining the remaining alcohol in one go.

Ran Feng Ge wasn't timid or anything. It was just that he cared too much about the two devils in front of him to allow them to fool around like that!

The other two were still cackling away. Like he was performing a magic trick, Cheng Xi Ran pulled out a gun from nowhere and aimed it at Mi Le. Ran Feng Ge quickly seized the gun and pointed at the bulletproof t-shirt. "Why don't we test it on this instead?"

"Don't be so tense. We've already experimented with it many times," Mi Le said with an unruffled expression.

"Okay, I believe you guys." Ran Feng Ge returned the gun to Cheng Xi Ran. "Thanks for the present. I really like it!"

"Then you have to see how it works!" Cheng Xi Ran aimed the gun at the t-shirt lying on the counter and pulled the trigger. As the gun had been equipped with a silencer, the shot was quiet. The force of the bullet was quickly negated when it came into contact with the t-shirt. The bullet lightly bounced off the t-shirt and rolled onto an uncovered section of the bar counter. Mi Le then picked it up and stored it away.

"That was awesome!" Ran Feng Ge praised in admiration. "Xi Ran, I think you can go apply for a patent."

"I don't want to." Cheng Xi Ran wrapped an arm around Mi Le's thin waist and pulled her in for a hug. "I enjoy the leisurely life I'm having with Le Le right now. If I apply for a patent, I'll surely become a household name in the future. I don't want to deal with all that trouble."

"All right. Pretend I didn't say anything." Ran Feng Ge picked up the bulletproof t-shirt. Without feeling any embarrassment, he pulled off his shirt and put the t-shirt on instead.

"Hey—"

"Wait!"

Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le spoke simultaneously. Ran Feng Ge froze, still in the process of pulling the t-shirt over his head. After his head was free, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Cheng Xi Ran pulled up the ends of the t-shirt, exposing the wound on Ran Feng Ge's abdomen. Expression uncharacteristically darkening, he questioned, "You were injured recently?"

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Translators: Nannyn
Proofreaders: Sherry, Lyrick

Chapter 41: Intoxicated

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-041/

By a giraffe

4/2/2016

As if it were nothing, Ran Feng Ge calmly said "It's only a small wound. You two already know that getting hurt is unavoidable in our profession. There's no need to make a big deal about nothing. Anyway, it's already healed."

Saying that, he bent down to straighten his new bulletproof t-shirt and pulled his original shirt on top of it.

"Hey bro, answer me honestly, what kind of assignment is it this time? Don't let it be like last time when you got riddled with scars! Le Le and I don't want to see you hurt again." Cheng Xi Ran looked at Ran Feng Ge earnestly, concern in his eyes.

"Yeah, Xiao Ge, we've all witnessed the extent of your abilities. Those who are able to injure you are few in number. The last time you were seriously wounded, both of us were scared to death!" Mi Le followed, "That's why we decided to quit and live normal, peaceful lives. We're still young, and we've earned so much money now—enough to live out the rest of our lives. Xiao Ge, if it's unnecessary, don't accept any high-risk jobs, okay?"

"I know you two are worried for me, but I know what I'm doing. I will be careful to ensure that a situation like last time won't happen again!" Ran Feng Ge said seriously while placing one hand on Cheng Xi Ran's shoulder and the other on Mi Le's shoulder.

"But..." Mi Le wanted to say something but trailed off.

"Don't worry, when this job is over, I'll join you guys. I'll work as Tian Lan's serving boy and help you attract pretty girls to the bar. How does that sound?" Ran Feng Ge joked.

Cheng Xi Ran glanced at Mi Le and sighed helplessly. "All right, I know you won't change your mind once you've decided on something. You have to be careful!"

"Yes, I know. Didn't you give me a bulletproof t-shirt? Don't worry; I'll wear it at all times!" Ran Feng Ge patted his chest and said readily, "All right bro, there's no need to fuss over me like an old woman. I finally managed to get out for once, so come on, let's drink! Tonight, no one's leaving this bar sober!"

"Fine. No one's leaving sober!"

Perhaps it was because he was able to relax surrounded by friends ready to lay down their lives for each other, or perhaps it was because the things he was trying to forget had resurfaced in his mind, Ran Feng Ge downed one drink after another that night. Until finally, Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le found his drinking behavior abnormal even for him.

"Punk, you're drinking too much. Maybe we should do something else. How about going for karaoke?" Cheng Xi Ran suggested.

Ran Feng Ge shook his head and grabbed hold of his cup protectively. "No! I still want to drink! Are you that stingy with your liquor? Really! No sense of friendship at all!"

"Okay, drink. Let's continue drinking." Mi Le coaxed while glancing meaningfully at Cheng Xi Ran, who understood her intentions perfectly. The drinks he mixed afterwards were all fruit cocktails low in alcohol content.

A while after, Ran Feng Ge finally passed out—sprawled over the bar counter, fully intoxicated.

Cheng Xi Ran helped Ran Feng Ge lie down on a nearby sofa and took off his jacket to lay it across his friend. He walked back to the bar and nudged Mi Le with an elbow, "Mi Le, what do you think?"

"Not normal, something must have happened!" Mi Le said definitively. She thought for a moment and added, "I'd say he started acting strange after he asked us to investigate that Chasing Hawk tattoo."

"Yeah... As for the reason, it's surely because of that new job he accepted!" From a hidden compartment in the bar, Cheng Xi Ran took out a red laptop and switched it on. "Le Le, can you investigate Chasing Hawk and see if there are any recent events that could have involved Ran Feng Ge?"

"Sure." Mi Le slid the computer over to herself, her slender fingers jumping swiftly over the keyboard. Her wide, smoky eyes stared unblinkingly at the screen as a myriad of thoughts ran through her mind. She looked over at Cheng Xi Ran seriously, "I'm about to use some special methods, do you approve?"

Special methods meant advanced hacking skills that would allow them to access Chasing Hawk's classified information. But if they get discovered, their peaceful daily lives would come to an end. For that reason, she asked Cheng Xi Ran for approval.

Cheng Xi Ran glanced at the frowning man sleeping on the sofa and then at his beloved girlfriend. Finally, he nodded solemnly. "Affirmative."

Mi Le smiled understandingly, "Okay!"

The three of them had been together since they were little, and had saved each other's lives many times. Their fates were already irreversibly entangled. If it were for Ran Feng Ge that Mi Le had to return to the field, she would not hesitate to do so. Besides, her beloved would be following her every step of the way.

Mi Le's special ability was her superior memory and her profound knowledge of computers. Not long after, she pulled up various information on Chasing Hawk's boss.

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Translators: Helen

Proofreaders: Jinny, Nannyn

Chapter 42: Unrelated to Ran Feng Ge

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-042/

By a giraffe

4/2/2016

Successive photos of Lan Kuang appeared before their eyes. In some, the man was wearing sunglasses—appearing mysterious and unapproachable. While in others, he was either firing a gun and looking imposing or arrogantly stepping on someone as they prostrated before him.

"Hey, wait!" Cheng Xi Ran's eyes shone as he spotted something. Mi Le stopped scrolling downwards as Cheng Xi Ran pointed at a picture of a man nestled in Lan Kuang's arms. "Doesn't he seem familiar?"

Mi Le racked her brain and lifted her red lips in a smile. "He's the popular actor Jing Qiu Han!"

"Also this one!" Cheng Xi Ran pointed at a picture at the end showing someone having dinner together with Lan Kuang.

Mi Le enlarged the photo and examined it briefly before coming up with an answer. "He's the young master of the An family! The *An family* that has considerable influence in the United States! The young master of that family!"

"Hey, wasn't Feng Ge working in the United States two years ago? He got himself riddled with scars that time as well!" Cheng Xi Ran felt something was off and added, "Chasing Hawk... The An family... Exactly what kind of crazy job did that guy accept this time?"

Mi Le deleted all the information they'd accessed and scanned her computer. After making sure the security measures she'd set up were working and that nobody would be tracking her movements, she turned off the computer. She crossed her arms and leaned against the bar counter, her brows in a deep furrow. "What are we going to do? Do you think his current job has something to do with those two people in the photos?"

"There's a chance that's true. But you know he won't tell us anything even if we ask him. This is frustrating!" Cheng Xi Ran brandished his fist and said, "I'm seriously tempted to go and give him a punch. Why does he never learn? Is he an idiot down to his bones?"

"I have a plan," said Mi Le. "We'll follow him when he goes back."

"Follow him?" Cheng Xi Ran considered the idea for a moment before replying, "That's not a very lawful plan."

"Do you want to know what kind of job he accepted or not?" Mi Le rolled her eyes at him.

"Yes! Of course I do!" Cheng Xi Ran gritted his teeth and said, "All right, we'll go with it."

As Ran Feng Ge was still passed out, he had no idea that his friends were planning on secretly following him home. His brows furrowed in his sleep; he was dreaming about the things he'd tried his best to forget.

He was in a dark room. Handcuffs bound his wrists together and a sharp knife cut into his skin repeatedly. His blood dripped down his body, but that person stood there as if appreciating a perfect piece of artwork. Because of the pain and the blood loss, Ran Feng Ge couldn't make out the other's expression. Was the man looking at him with delight in his eyes? Or was he distant and indifferent to the scene in front of him?

Despite already marking his body with streaks of blood, the man still wasn't satisfied. The man cupped his cheeks and kissed him recklessly. Ran Feng Ge couldn't avoid the other's lips even if he wanted to.

The man said, "An Mu, this is what you owe me."

Ran Feng Ge wanted to open his mouth and say he wasn't An Mu but felt as if something was lodged in his throat, rendering him speechless. He twisted his body—wanting freedom from his constraints, wanting escape from the hands of the devil that was the man before him. But he was pressed against the wall, unable to move. The stink of blood mixed with the smell of mildew lingered around him...

Ran Feng Ge woke up drenched in sweat. A lamp above him illuminated the room with warm, dusky light. Quiet and relaxing music spilled from the stereo and filled the room. Before him was Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le, holding each other as they slept. Ran Feng Ge buried his face in his hands, his fingers raking over his messy hair as he let out a heavy sigh of relief.

He thought he'd bottled up all those memories and was ready to move on. He thought he'd never recall those memories and be played by anyone again. In the end, he found himself encountering those memories in nightmares. He'd wake up and feel his blood turn cold as the pain from his heart spread to every inch of his body.

Lan Kuang... Ran Feng Ge repeated the name to himself as he walked towards the bar. He picked up a bottle of alcohol, twisted the cap off, and poured it down his throat.

Slowly, he felt himself calming down.

Ran Feng Ge placed the bottle on the counter and quietly told himself: *Those are things that happened between Lan Kuang and An Mu. They have nothing to do with Ran Feng Ge. Nothing at all.*

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Translators: Nannyn

Proofreaders: Channie, Jinny

Chapter 43: Closing In

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By a giraffe

5/16/2016

Ran Feng Ge looked up at the sky outside. A fish belly white was starting to appear in the sky. The sun was going to rise soon.

He went over to his friends and shook the soundly asleep Cheng Xi Ran. "Ah Xi, wake up. I need to go."

Startled awake, Cheng Xi Ran jumped up abruptly. Mi Le, who had been leaning on his shoulder, was roused by the sudden movement. She clutched her head, groaning as she sat up. "Cheng Xi Ran, can't you be gentler? You almost killed me!"

Cheng Xi Ran hastily went over and kissed her forehead. He coaxed, "I'm sorry my dear wife. Here, the pain will go away with a kiss."

"Shoo!" Mi Le slapped his face and pushed him.

Ran Feng Ge snickered as he watched them, but the smile in his eyes was genuine. If his two best friends could continue to live this happily, he would also be happy for them.

Cheng Xi Ran picked up his coat and sheepishly rubbed his nose. He then said to Ran Feng Ge, "You're leaving? I'll drive you back!"

"No need. I'll take a taxi back. You've stayed with me all night. The two of you should go home and have a good sleep!" Ran Feng Ge declined politely.

Cheng Xi Ran looked at Mi Le. They haven't forgotten about the secret plan they made last night. Cheng Xi Ran didn't bother pressuring Ran Feng Ge and said straight-facedly, "All right, if anything happens remember to call us. Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye."

The minute Ran Feng Ge stepped one foot out the door, Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le closed up the bar and followed after him.

At the roadside, Ran Feng Ge hailed a cab, got in, and left.

Seeing Ran Feng Ge's cab round the corner, Cheng Xi Ran and Mi Le jogged over and waved to an approaching taxi. They each took a side and got in. Cheng Xi Ran pointed towards the direction where Ran Feng Ge's cab had disappeared and told the driver, "Quick, drive in that direction and follow the cab in front."

The driver didn't probe for more details. He merely stepped on the gas and caught up to Ran Feng Ge's cab.

Ran Feng Ge reclined on the backseat of the car and closed his eyes. In his fatigue, he didn't notice the car that was steadily following him.

Being hungover wasn't a very great feeling. His temples pounded and a needle-like pain permeated his entire head. His stomach also churned in discontent. The only thing he wanted at the moment was to return home and have a good sleep.

When he woke up, he would once again be the easygoing Ran Feng Ge who was perfect at acting.

◆

Su Yi Mo woke up at dawn. He picked up his alarm clock and checked the time. It was five in the morning, but no matter how he tossed and turned, he couldn't return to sleep. He got up and went to the second floor. After hesitating a while, he knocked on the door to Ran Feng Ge's room.

There was no response.

Su Yi Mo turned the handle and gently pushed the door open. The king-sized bed was smooth and empty, proving his guess right—Ran Feng Ge had been out for the whole night.

Where exactly had he gone? That fellow was becoming more and more presumptuous.

In a few days, Ran Feng Ge would have serious work to do, yet he was off being irresponsible. What golden body double? In Su Yi Mo's opinion, Ran Feng Ge was more like an irresponsible body double!

Su Yi Mo suppressed his anger. Rather than simply being worried for Ran Feng Ge, he blamed his anger on his worry that if something were to happen to Ran Feng Ge, there would be nobody to act as Jing Qiu Han.

Even so, Su Yi Mo stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows and looked outside, hoping to see Ran Feng Ge driving up to the mansion.

Unfortunately, it was still five in the morning. There wasn't much traffic on the road. This was also an exclusive mansion neighborhood, so there were even fewer cars driving around.

Su Yi Mo lit a cigarette and held it between his fingers, quietly smoking. His eyes were glued to the street that led to the mansion. His ears also subconsciously pricked up, yearning to hear the sounds of a car's engine rounding the corner.

When his cigarette burned out, Su Yi Mo finally heard the sound of crunching gravel. He looked outside and saw a taxi stop beside the road. Ran Feng Ge got out of the cab and paid the fare. The taxi then turned around and drove back up the road.

Ran Feng Ge staggered in the direction of the mansion. It seemed he had enough logic inside him to tell the taxi to drop him somewhere far away. But why was his walk so wobbly? Did he drink?

Su Yi Mo's frown grew deeper as he tracked Ran Feng Ge's movements. When he saw Ran Feng Ge stop by the roadside, hug his stomach, and bend over to vomit, his brows furrowed to the extreme.

Su Yi Mo turned and made it down the stairs in three strides. He quickly crossed the courtyard and pushed open the gate, heading for the street.

Not far away, another taxi was parked around the corner hidden from sight.

Cheng Xi Ran wanted to get out when he saw Ran Feng Ge throw up, but Mi Le caught his arm and said, "Wait."

Before she finished speaking, the gate of a nearby mansion opened and a man wearing white pajamas and sandals walked out, heading straight towards Ran Feng Ge.


"Who is that?" Cheng Xi Ran asked softly.

Mi Le carefully examined the man's face. Shock subsequently appeared on her pretty face. "The CEO of Huan Yu. Su Yi Mo? It can't be..."

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Translators: squinty
Proofreaders: Nannyn, Jinny

Chapter 44: They're Actually Related?

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-044/

By a giraffe

6/1/2016

With her slender fingers tapping on the keyboard of a 10 inch laptop, Mi Le pulled up all the information she could find with a serious expression. She spun the laptop to face Cheng Xi Ran and said, "Here, look. This is why I was shocked."

Cheng Xi Ran studied the files displayed on the screen; his expression darkening to a frightening degree when he reached the end. "In other words, the Su family and Chasing Hawk come from the same roots. They are both branches of Falcon. Only, the branch the Su family controlled gradually disappeared and washed their hands clean of the past. Now they've obtained an illustrious reputation as the prestigious Su family. Chasing Hawk on the other hand, retained their reputation in the criminal world and its boss Lan Kuang is a terrifying figure?"

"Correct. More accurately, the Su family is the true head of Falcon while the Lan family is only an auxiliary branch. However, the Lan family is more famous and influential in the underworld now while the Su family is more well-known in the business world. If I'm not wrong, these two families have been feuding in order to prove their might over the other and crush them underfoot! All for the sake of restoring their glory from centuries ago!" Mi Le turned the computer back around to herself and skillfully erased the traces of her browsing history to ensure their safety.

"That punk, he... He... He really is crazy! Did he not do a background check before accepting this job?!" Cheng Xi Ran stomped his foot in anger; that stubborn friend of his who wouldn't change his mind once he was set on something was impossible to deal with.

Mi Le said lightly, "Although he is called the industry's golden body double, he can't compare to me in hacking and information gathering. Maybe he investigated up to the ties between the Su family and Chasing Hawk but didn't go any further? Or perhaps... the job he accepted isn't actually dangerous, so he put it out of his mind. Maybe... We're overreacting."

"Perhaps? Maybe? What if he was careless, then what?!" Cheng Xi Ran grabbed his phone and punched in a number. "No, I need to call him and tell him everything!"

"Yes, that might be good. Even if it has nothing to do with what we found, it's still better than his being clueless. It'd be even better if you can pry out what kind of job he accepted." Mi Le put away her computer, stretched, and yawned. "I barely got any sleep last night, I'm beat. I'm going upstairs. Take your time with the call. Hah—" Ending her words with a yawn, Mi Le rubbed her eyes and sluggishly mounted the stairs.

Cheng Xi Ran called several times, but no one responded even after a while.

Damn it!

He continued to dial his friend's number. There was no reason for Ran Feng Ge to not pick up the phone. He had clearly seen Ran Feng Ge push aside the man wearing the white pajamas and enter the mansion by himself, which meant he should be awake and sober right now.

Why wasn't he answering the phone?

Just as Cheng Xi Ran was preparing to go out the door and look for Ran Feng Ge himself, the call finally connected. However, it was an unknown voice that spoke: "No matter who you are, I will put you on the blacklist if you dare call again!"

Uh... Cheng Xi Ran was stunned for a moment. He looked down at the word "Punk" displayed on the screen and frowned. There wasn't a mistake, it was that lunatic's phone number. Could it be *that man* who had picked up?

Was it... Su Yi Mo?

"Mr. Su, is it?" Cheng Xi Ran's mind worked quickly. He got straight to the point and said, "I'm Feng Ge's best friend. He was drinking with me last night, but had too much so I was worried. I called to confirm whether he got home safely or not."

Su Yi Mo narrowed his eyes on the other end of the line. "How do you know that I am surnamed Su?"

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Translators: squinty
Proofreaders: Nannyn, Jinny

Chapter 45: Unique Charm

giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-045/

By a giraffe

6/1/2016

Cheng Xi Ran strolled over to the sofa and sat down. He lifted his right hand and propped his elbow up against the back of the sofa. He crossed his legs and assumed a negotiating position. His dazzling red hair appeared strikingly grim under the bar's lights. "Why am I not allowed to know that your surname is Su? Also, secretly answering someone else's phone is an invasion of privacy. I could sue you for this!"

Su Yi Mo looked at the frowning Ran Feng Ge asleep on the bed. He then walked outside and closed the door after him. "Exactly what do you want?"

He read the name of the other party that was displayed on Ran Feng Ge's phone—it was a very intimate "Ah Xi". This "Ah Xi" clearly knew that Ran Feng Ge had gone drinking last night and gotten very drunk. This proved that he wasn't lying; he was indeed Ran Feng Ge's friend.

Only... Su Yi Mo considered to himself. Cheng Xi Ran being concerned over whether his drunk friend had arrived home safely was normal, but Su Yi Mo's own presence here at the mansion should be beyond the other's knowledge.

With Ran Feng Ge's personality, he would never take the initiative and tell others about his employer's identity. Therefore, there was only one possibility—this "Ah Xi" had followed Ran Feng Ge back.

"I'm actually not calling about anything important." Cheng Xi Ran laughed boisterously on the other end, but there was a sharpened gleam in his eyes. "You're Feng Ge's employer, right? Can I ask you... Exactly what sort of job you've entrusted him with this time?"

"That... There's no reason for me to tell you, is there?"

"You can't say that for certain. I'm also a remarkable body double in the industry. I might be able to help Feng Ge. I know he got injured after accepting your job, so if you're going to say something like 'It's an easy job,' I'd suggest you reconsider."

Su Yi Mo chuckled coldly. "His injury had nothing to do with the job I've entrusted him with. He was injured when he was out taking care of personal matters. I've shown him exceeding consideration by choosing not to ask him about the matter. If you've called to criticize me, then I'm afraid you have the wrong person."

Sensing that Su Yi Mo might hang up, Cheng Xi Ran asked, "Then do you know who hurt him?"

"I don't know!" As expected, Su Yi Mo hung up after leaving behind those three words.

Listening to the sound of the disconnected line, Cheng Xi Ran gave an annoyed sigh. In the end, he hadn't been able to pry any information out of Su Yi Mo.

Did he have to become personally involved in this?

Cheng Xi Ran glanced at the second floor where his beloved—his soon to be bride—was sleeping. If he interfered with Ran Feng Ge's affairs, the peaceful days would come to an end...

No matter, the wedding was still six months away. At most, it'd be delayed for a few months. Le Le was kind and considerate, she definitely wouldn't oppose the delay.

The three of them could join forces again and come out of this safe and sound! Then they could retire together!

After making up his mind, Cheng Xi Ran revealed a relieved smile. He put away his phone and locked up Tian Lan's door, then took the stairs quickly towards the second floor.

◆

This time, Su Yi Mo didn't forget to delete the call log. At the same time, he also removed the dozen missed call notifications.

He opened the door to Ran Feng Ge's room just in time to see a bit of the morning light shine upon the body double's form, creating a calm and elegant atmosphere around him.

Ran Feng Ge...

This enigmatic man had once again roused his interest.

Su Yi Mo didn't expect Ran Feng Ge to actually have a friend who was willing to go through thick and thin for him. He'd thought that body doubles wore masks every day as they wandered through every line of work. Through calm, through attraction, through scrutiny, and through inferiority, no one could see through to their heart. Even if they took off their masks one day and revealed their true faces, no one would be able to tell whether what they presented was sincere or fake.

If his shell is peeled away bit by bit, would I be able to get a glimpse of his true self?

Suddenly returning to himself, Su Yi Mo realized what he had been thinking.

His heartstrings had once again been touched by this indifferent man who was as unruffled as the water in a calm lake.

After putting Ran Feng Ge's phone back where it belonged, Su Yi Mo couldn't help but stare at the body double's handsome face.

Exactly what sort of charm did he possess to make people sink inadvertently into his grasp?


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Translators: squinty
Proofreaders: dinoj, Nannyn

Chapter 46: I'm Not Him

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen01-046/

By a giraffe

7/16/2016

Ran Feng Ge's brows furrowed in sleep. His head was turned sideways and his mouth slightly parted as if he wanted to call out in pleasure, or yell in protest. His urgent breaths carried with them the faint scent of alcohol. Just the sight of him making others feel feverish.

Su Yi Mo was confounded. His plan had been to put the phone down and leave.

Instead, he'd thoughtlessly crouched beside the bed to gaze at Ran Feng Ge's peaceful appearance. Then, not knowing whether he had been bewitched or if the alcoholic scent of Ran Feng Ge's breath was to blame, Su Yi Mo unconsciously leaned closer until his lips were gently covering Ran Feng Ge's.

The soft lips that were of the perfect thickness tasted delicious in his mouth.

Su Yi Mo's tender kiss began to roughen. Meanwhile, Ran Feng Ge was struggling with all his might against Lan Kuang's tyrannical kiss inside his nightmare.

Sensing Ran Feng Ge's resistance, Su Yi Mo became more forceful. He had never allowed others to resist him. Even in love, he was the one in control. He had been hit with the sudden urge to kiss Ran Feng Ge, yet the latter was doing his best to prevent Su Yi Mo's tongue from invading his mouth.

Their kiss seemed like a battle, and when Ran Feng Ge finally surrendered, Su Yi Mo heard him mutter ambiguously, "Lan Kuang... I am not him... I'm not him..."

Su Yi Mo's lips were still lingering reluctantly on Ran Feng Ge's when those words roused him!

First, because of those four words—"I'm not him."

Second, because of the name—Lan Kuang.

Ran Feng Ge panted violently before awakening with a cry, his eyes meeting Su Yi Mo's cold stare.

It would have been convenient if this man had Jing Qiu Han's face; at least Su Yi Mo could say he couldn't help but kiss Qiu Han when he saw him. Right now, however, Ran Feng Ge was himself! And a very drunk Ran Feng Ge at that!

Two pairs of eyes stared into each other, neither breaking eye contact.

Ran Feng Ge's voice was hoarse from sleep. "Is Boss practicing how to kiss me?"

"That's right." Su Yi Mo dropped his gaze, nonchalantly getting up. "Your performance was disappointing though."

Ran Feng Ge propped himself up with an elbow. This casual movement, when made by Ran Feng Ge, was utterly charming. "Is that so? That's because you attacked too suddenly, Boss. I didn't have time to prepare." As he said that, he lifted a hand and stroked his lip with a finger, as if the kiss still lingered in his mind. "However, Boss's performance was praiseworthy. Tasted pretty good."

Su Yi Mo hadn't anticipated that what had originally been harassment of the other party would be twisted back at himself. A trace of annoyance flashed in his eyes, though, of course, his calm, business-like expression did not change as he said, "Remember, last night was the last time."

The last time Ran Feng Ge could meet his friends so impetuously.

"Okay, I get it!" Ran Feng Ge readily replied. Watching Su Yi Mo's retreating back, Ran Feng Ge casually asked, "However, I'm really curious. Right now, I'm not wearing Jing Qiu Han's face. How did Boss manage to kiss me?"

Su Yi Mo stopped and turned to face Ran Feng Ge again. He leaned down, his fingers lifting Ran Feng Ge's flawless chin. As he spoke, his cold voice contained a trace of playfulness.

"That's because—this is practice! If I can kiss you while you are Ran Feng Ge, I can do it even better when you are Jing Qiu Han!"

"I'm not you after all. I don't have your acting skills!"

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Previous: [Chapter 45: Unique Charm](#)

Return: [Main Page](#)

Translators: squinty

Proofreaders: Jinny, Sherry

Chapter 47: Good Luck, Ran Feng Ge!

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"I am not you after all. I don't have your acting skills!"

The unspoken meaning in Su Yi Mo's words was—*I'm not you. You can act madly in love with anyone without so much as twitching a brow, but I can't!*

His reply was like a sharp arrow that tore through Ran Feng Ge's heart.

"That's right. How can ordinary people like you comprehend the greatest skill of us body doubles?" Ran Feng Ge laughed until he was breathless. He then put on a warning face and said, "It's thanks to our acting skills that the people you care about can be safe and sound! So the next time you say those words, say it with gratefulness!"

"That sounds very nice and all, but don't you guys receive high commissions for the jobs you take on?" Su Yi Mo said derisively.

To him, it seemed as if Ran Feng Ge was acting blameless and complaining even though he was going to receive a high paycheck.

Ran Feng Ge burst out into laughter and responded scornfully, "Don't think that you can do anything you want just because you have money! One day, you'll learn that there are things in this world that you can't buy!"

Su Yi Mo fell silent and decided to stop arguing with the other. "Your friend Ah Xi called. I picked it up."

Anger appeared on Ran Feng Ge's face and he stared at Su Yi Mo with a smile that wasn't quite a smile. "I guess our big Boss here doesn't know the meaning of privacy. All right, then that means I'll be forgiven beforehand if I ever decide to investigate Jing Qiu Han again, right?"

"...Your phone was ringing nonstop and you were asleep, so I picked up..." Su Yi Mo paused for a moment before he tried to explain. "If I had wanted to pick up your calls secretly, why would I have told you about this?"

"Then thank you very much!" Ran Feng Ge said sarcastically.

Su Yi Mo ignored him and left the room.

Ran Feng Ge rubbed his aching temples. He got out of bed and walked barefoot to the water dispenser to pour a cup of warm water for himself. He downed the cup in one gulp and exhaled in satisfaction. He then took out his phone and dialed Cheng Xi Ran's number. "Hey, didn't we already agree to not call each other if nothing's up?"

"What? Did I get you in trouble?" Cheng Xi Ran heard helplessness rather than anger in Ran Feng Ge's voice. He laughed and said, "I called because I was worried about you. It was the first time I've seen you drink that much! Are you sober now?"

"Yes, I'm much better now."

"Feng Ge, I know that you have your own matters to deal with and that you don't want us to worry. All right, I won't poke around too much. I just wanted to ask, that tattoo you showed us back then, isn't it from Chasing Hawk?"

"And? I knew about that already."

"Chasing Hawk has its origins in Falcon, an organization that existed three hundred years ago. Afterwards, Falcon split into many different branches and the Su family is one of them. Moreover, the Su family was the original head of Falcon. The Lan family that now controls Chasing Hawk was only an auxiliary branch." Cheng Xi Ran paused when he touched upon those points. He then asked, "Do you understand what I'm trying to say? Hmm?"

"I understand. You don't want me to get entangled in unnecessary matters. Thanks for telling me. To be honest, I haven't investigated anything about the relationship between those two families. I can guess that it was Xiao Mi who investigated all this, right?"

"Naturally!" Cheng Xi Ran looked especially proud at Ran Feng Ge's comment, as if he were the one being praised.

"Don't worry, I know exactly what I need to do. My job is to play the part I accepted and avoid any further involvement until I receive my commission! Then I can join you and Le Le and the three of us can live a peaceful life together." Ran Feng Ge vocalized those beautiful wishes in one breath and finally brought peace to some of Cheng Xi Ran's worries.

"As long as you know!" Cheng Xi Ran relaxed and said, "All right. I've already reminded you, so you have to watch out for yourself!"

"You've become an old, nagging woman. Careful that Xiao Mi won't want you anymore." Hearing the relief in Cheng Xi Ran's voice, Ran Feng Ge also secretly released a breath.

"Screw you. Don't joke about Le Le!" Cheng Xi Ran cursed.

"Haha." Ran Feng Ge laughed out loud, then cheerfully said goodbye to Cheng Xi Ran and hung up.

Looking down at the bulletproof t-shirt that was peeking through his collar, Ran Feng Ge's smile deepened.

With that trump card on him, it would be difficult for anything to happen to him.

Moreover, all he had to do was act as Jing Qiu Han. At most, he'd sing some songs, act in some TV dramas, and flirt with Su Yi Mo. What kind of danger could he come across?

Ran Feng Ge stretched lazily and faced the sun hanging high in the sky. A faint smile appeared on his face and he whispered firmly to himself, "Good luck, Ran Feng Ge!"

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